THE

BELGIAN TRAVELLER.

VOL. I.

THE BELGIAN TRAVELLER;

OR,

A TOUR

THROUGH

HOLLAND, FRANCE, AND SWITZERLAND,

DURING THE YEARS 1804 AND 1805,

IN

A SERIES OF LETTERS FROM A NOBLEMAN TO A MINISTER OF STATE.

EDITED BY

The Author of The Revolutionary Plutarch, &c.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

Tel est l'esprit Français, je l'admire et le plains;
Dans son abaissement, quel excés de courage;
La tête sous le joug, les lauriers dans les mains,
Il cherit à la fois la gloire et l'esclavage,
Ses exploits et SA HONTE out remplis l'univers!!!

LONDON:

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1806.

TO THE

RIGHT HONORABLE

W. WINDHAM, M. P.

ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S PRINCIPAL SECRETARIES OF STATE.

SIR,

HAD the firſt war of loyalty againſt rebellion been conducted according to thoſe liberal notions, which your patriotic mind ſuggeſted, and your eminent talents elucidated, I am perſuaded the world would long ago have been delivered from that revolutionary monſter, now threatening to

 devour

devour all legitimate ſovereignty, all ancient diſtinctions, all hereditary property, all ſocial morality, and all political honeſty. Louis XVIII. would then have been ſwaying over millions, and Napoleon the Firſt commanded a battalion; the continent would then have been free, and the independence of Great Britain not menaced. Nations would then have found their ſafety, their bleſſing in peace, and their rulers been revered as fathers, not dreaded as tyrants or deſpiſed as criminals.—Theſe ſentiments are not mine only, but thoſe of an unfortunately too competent judge; a man, who, during a reſidence in England, had opportunity to ſtudy public characters and to diſcern private merit; and who ſince

ſince, when directing the foreign tranſactions of revolutionary France, has by his able counſels in the cabinet, as much influenced the deſtiny of ſtates, as French warriors have done by their victorious achievements in the field. I know that during the laſt war he apprehended your aſcendancy more than that of any other ſtateſman; even in the preſence of repreſentatives of continental Sovereigns he more than once expreſſed himſelf accordingly.

Accept, Sir! this dedication as an independent tribute of admiration. It is offered by an ardent friend of lawful monarchy, but a total ſtranger to courtly flattery; whoſe name has never

appeared upon the civil lifts either of Princes or of republicans, though it may be read upon all the lifts of profcriptions decreed by rebels and regicides.

I have the honor to be,

SIR,

Your moft obedient

Humble fervant,

THE EDITOR.

LONDON, *June*, 1806.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE many contradictory reports circulated by Buonaparte's emiſſaries or diſſeminated by ignorant and malignant travellers, concerning the preſent ſituation, and the public ſpirit of the people of Holland, France and Switzerland, induced a Continental Sovereign to order one of his Miniſters of State, in the latter part of 1803, to engage ſome judicious and well informed perſon to undertake a journey into theſe countries.

The Miniſter, with the approbation of his Prince, fixed upon a Brabant Nobleman, as eminent for his talents as for his birth, who had more than once

once formerly travelled over the ſame ground; whoſe relatives poſſeſſed rank, and wealth; and whoſe friends were powerful; who was well recommended from abroad; and who had protectors at home, to ſupport him in caſe of any unforeſeen occurrences, reſulting in conſequence of the active and oppreſſive ſuſpicion of the French government.

The Editor has been honoured with a communication of the correſpondence of this Nobleman with the Miniſter of State, and its contents form theſe volumes. They carry with them internal evidence of intrinſic worth, as well as of unfettered truth; and evince, that a perſon, to whom Miniſters opened their cabinets, and whom the great admitted to their familiar ſociety, could be no ordinary traveller. When the ſtateſman, the warrior, the placeman, and the courtier unboſom

themſelves

themſelves to any one they love or eſteem; and their ſentiments, and even their expreſſions, as near as poſſible are preſerved and related; they certainly convey the moſt genuine picture of the State, and of its affairs; and in deſcribing faithfully the preſent, announce to nations what they are to expect, to hope or to fear for the future.

Theſe volumes preſent to the world a moral and political ſketch highly and univerſally intereſting. They hold out warnings to Sovereigns, and leſſons to Nations; they admoniſh the former, what they ought not to be, and the latter, what they ought not to endure; they demonſtrate, that power and ſplendor are but a miſerable ſubſtitute for a good conſcience, and that in countries where the laws and the rights of the people are ſubjected to the caprice of an individual, let him be

be ever ſo exalted, or ever ſo proſperous, the wretchedneſs of the inhabitants is, and muſt be, inevitable, and augments almoſt in proportion as the limits of their maſter's territory and authority extend.

The Editor claims no other merit from this publication, than to have arranged the materials furniſhed from abroad (with little, or rather with no variation or addition) in the ſhape, in which they now appear before the public. His principal object, in this publication, is the ſame, that it has been in his former works; to confirm the loyal in his duty, the religious in his faith, and if poſſible to reclaim the ſeditious, the factious, and the infidel, by expoſing the horrors and miſery of rebellion and atheiſm in France. Although his zeal may exceed his capacity, the loyal part of the community will give him credit for the purity and diſintereſtedneſs of his motives, when

he

he ſolemnly declares, that having ſeen his neareſt relatives murdered, his property plundered, and his rank deſtroyed by the French Revolution, he labours in obſcurity, unnoticed, in defence of the prerogatives, poſſeſſions and ſafety of that ſociety, where, except his honour, he has individually nothing either to loſe or to preſerve.

To the charge of want of moderation laid againſt his former and humble literary performances, he pleads guilty; becauſe, though moderation be a ſublime virtue, it has its limits; nor can its juſt application prudently extend to a government, at the name of which every family muſt tremble; while millions of degraded ſlaves and ſhameleſs villains croud its councils, its armies and its dominions.

THE

BELGIAN TRAVELLER.

LETTER I.

Amsterdam, January, 1804.

MY LORD,

I ENTERED the territory of the Batavian commonwealth by Doesburgh, a Dutch fort on the frontiers of Westphalia. In passing the bridge a French sentry stopped my carriage, a French commissary demanded my pass, and a French custom-house officer visited my luggage; those

thoſe with a guard-houſe of French ſoldiers by the gates, another in the center of the town, and a French officer its governor, convinced me immediately of the true worth of the independence of modern Holland, a conviction which I ſince have found no reaſon to alter, or to conſider as too haſtily formed.

A banker at Munſter had given me a letter of credit and recommendation to one of the principal merchants of this place, whoſe relation was the mayor. Having ſome difficulties about a part of my baggage, which the French cuſtom-houſe officer detained under pretence that it contained contraband goods, I applied to the mayor for his interference, and for a juſtice, that the French governor refuſed me. The caſe was ſimply this: I had purchaſed of a Lyoneſe manufacturer at Hamburgh ſix pairs of ſilk ſtockings, of

of which four pairs were ſtill not worn. Theſe the cuſtom-houſe officer judged to be the production of Engliſh induſtry, and therefore kept them, together with all the other contents of a portmanteau in which they were packed up. In vain did I produce the receipt and certificate of the Lyoneſe, and offer to pay any duty fixed by law; even the ſacrifice of the unfortunate ſtockings could not reſtore me the remainder of my property; the governor even threatened me, if I did not ceaſe to be *troubleſome*, to order me to priſon as an Engliſh ſmuggler.

The mayor, to whom I was accompanied by the merchant, acknowledged the iniquity of the proceedings againſt me, but he avowed alſo his own want of power to remedy it, as well as his fear of intermeddling in the buſineſs, though it really belonged to his office. He called apart his relation, and after

ten minutes ſeparate converſation, ſaid that an expedient to ſerve me would be tried, which had before more than once ſucceeded with regard to other ſtrangers in ſimilar ſituations; he invited me at the ſame time to dinner, that I might be better acquainted with the governor, who would be of the party. Half an hour before dinner my portmanteau was reſtored me with the greateſt part of its contents: a douceur of a louis d'or to the cuſtom-houſe officer, and of two pairs of the ſilk ſtockings to the governor, had eaſily convinced theſe public function-aries of their miſtake, or at leaſt of my innocence.

Rouſſeau, the governor of Doeſ-burgh, is a lieutenant-colonel in the French ſervice. You remember, no doubt, to have read in the Confeſſion of J. J. Rouſſeau, that this *philoſopher* and *philanthropiſt*, ſent all his

his children both by his miſtreſs and wife, as ſoon as they were born, to the foundling-hoſpital at Paris, without any ſign or direction, by which they might once be known again and recovered; and that all the endeavours of the Dutcheſs of Luxemburgh ſome years afterwards to find them out were fruitleſs. Governor Rouſſeau declares himſelf however one of theſe renounced and loſt brats, and *proves* the verity of his claims of parentage, both by a great family likeneſs with the citizen of Geneva, and by a ſimilitude of paſſions, of inclination, and even of genius (as he frequently and modeſtly repeats) with the *greateſt* philoſopher of the eighteenth century. But the only thing certain of the origin of this *gentleman*, is his being a foundling, brought up by charity at Paris, where in 1792 he was enrolled as a ſoldier under the name of Rouſ-

ſeau; a name ſo faſhionable, ſo commendable, and ſo meritorious, at that period of our revolution, that within ſix weeks after the 10th of Auguſt no leſs than two hundred and ten orphans and foundlings regiſtered themſelves at the municipality of our capital, as the children of a man more than ſuſpected of being an accomplice in infanticide, who has proclaimed himſelf the moſt unnatural and unfeeling of parents, and who inſolently and hypocritically preached to others thoſe duties which he himſelf ſo audaciouſly and ſo barbarouſly neglected. As to governor Rouſſeau's literary and poetical pretenſions, they conſiſt, according to his own aſſertions, in a novel, called "the Daughter of the New Eliza," which the bookſellers in France and Holland have refuſed to publiſh; and in a volume of poems inſcribed to liberty and equality, which nobody bought after

it

it had been printed. He has alſo began another Emilius, and has in meditation to write a continuation of "the Social Compact; but as his contemporaries ſeem not inclined to appreciate and to reward his merit as an author, "an Appeal to Poſterity," is intended to be his laſt performance, from which he hopes the ſame poſthumous honours as have been heaped upon the memory of his pretended father, of whom he never ſpeaks but with tears in his eyes.

At Rouſſeau's entrance into the room I formed my opinion of him. His preſumption was as great as his awkwardneſs; and his ſatisfaction with himſelf ſeemed to extort applauſe from every one of the party, or to reſent with indignation the withholding of admiration at what he ſaid and did. His converſation was affected, his language vulgar, and his manners were a compoſition of audacity and meanneſs. He

He never opened his mouth but to pronounce an abſurdity or an impertinence. He aſſured us, "that hiſtory would revere Napoleon Buonaparte, as a *philoſopher*, a *philanthropiſt*, and a *friend of freedom*, more than as a victor and conqueror; and that he would be conſidered not only as a Lycurgus, a Cæſar, and an Auguſtus, but as a Gracchus and as a Publicola. As examples of his maſter's juſtice and moderation, he quoted the *independence* of Switzerland and Holland; and as a proof of his liberality and modeſty, his appellation of Citizen and of Firſt Conſul, when he might have aſſumed that of Majeſty, or of an Imperial Sovereign."

It was curious enough to hear a French governor of a Batavian town extol and glory in the independence of a people, over a part of whom he, as a foreigner, tyrannized; and to ſee Batavian

tavian magiſtrates nod aſſent to this aſſertion of a man whom, they themſelves had juſt denounced to me, as their oppreſſor, diſregarding all other laws but thoſe of convenience and intereſt; whom they equally deſpiſed and feared; hated and feaſted. But the beſt of all was his continual declamation "on the neceſſity of inculating in the minds of all perſons deſtined for a military life, *principles* of *honour*, as the excluſive foundation of valour, of reſignation, of heroiſm, both in the officer and in the ſoldier, and of all other virtues which give preeminence to the warrior above the ſtateſman, and force the determinations of cabinets to depend entirely on the achievements of armies." This declaimer, at the very time when nothing but *honour* was on his lips, wore on his legs one pair of the ſilk ſtockings of which he ſome few hours before had in ſuch an

honourable manner pillaged my portmanteau; he was neverthelefs (when I could not prevent myfelf from fmiling at the apropos) unbafhful enough not to be afhamed of his impudence, or ignorant enough not to comprehend the infamy and the incongruity of his words and of his tranfactions, and that the latter were the moft poignant epigrams on the former.

That my looks of provoked indignation, or want of unbecoming complaifance, did not efcape this revolutionary governor, I foon experienced. On the next morning, when I was ready to continue my journey, his aide-de-camp informed me, that one of the many formalities requifite to make a paffport valid in travelling in modern France, and in countries acquired by her, was wanting. Obferving to him that it had already the day before obtained the fignature of the governor,

governor, he invited me to accompany him to the governor's houſe, where every thing would be explained to me, and the error, if poſſible, corrected.

In ſetting out for my return to France, I had been very particular and careful to prevent all impediments that might be occaſioned by any irregularity in my paſſport. It was ſigned by our miniſter at Hamburgh, Reinhard, and counter-ſigned by his ſecretary, Teulon. I had alſo ſhewn it at the chancellory of our commander in chief in Hanover, Mortier, who made no difficulty to affix the ſeal of his office with his name. In paſſing through Bremen I waited on our commercial agent, and received his ſignature. It contained a minute deſcription of my perſon, of my age, of the colours of my eyes, eye-brows and hair; of the form of my face, of the ſhape of my noſe, and of the ſize of my mouth;

 but

but an old law of the National Convention, which had long been forgotten, ordered, that it ſhould alſo mention how many languages the bearer, ſpoke, wrote, or underſtood. In the printed formula of my paſſport nothing was ſaid of it; and no queſtion was made me on the ſubject by our miniſter: it procured, however, Rouſſeau an opportunity to evince his malignity, and to ſatisfy his cupidity. After much chicanery and equivocation during a detention of ſix hours, he conſulted gravely his aide-de-camp, who, when alone with me, told me, "that conſidering the expence and loſs of time my ſtay at Doeſburgh, until an anſwer arrived from the Miniſter of Police at Paris, would cauſe me, the governor, from mere friendſhip, though at great riſk for himſelf, would conſent to my departure; but as this affair had reached ſeveral perſons whom he ſuſ-

pected

pected to be ſpies upon his conduct, a ſmall douceur of five louis d'or was pro[illegible]r to purchaſe their ſilence and diſcreti[illegible]." I did not heſitate to ſubmit to this [illegible]poſition, well convinced that reſiſtance would have been vain as well as impolitic. You may conclude from this, that prudence and the obſervance of known laws, are but of little ſervice to travellers in revolutionary countries and in revolutionary times, and that patience and money are the ſureſt means to ſoften hard-hearted and greedy upſtarts in power; and to avoid thoſe delays, which the thouſands of our revolutionary regulations authoriſe them, if ſo inclined, to invent and enforce.

LETTER

LETTER II.

Amsterdam, January, 1804.

MY LORD,

ARRIVED at Arnheim, I found there both more civility and better accommodation than at Doefburgh. I lodged at the Golden Plough, the landlord of which, Mr. Thomas, is alfo the principal banker of the town. With great politenefs he carried me to a club, fupported and frequented by fifty of the firft inhabitants, who meet there every night, either to play at billiards, or at cards, for fmall fums. In it may be read Dutch, German, French and Englifh newfpapers and magazines, with other curious or entertaining publications in the fame languages. A ftranger, once prefented there, may frequent it daily for a month

month without any expence whatever. If he calls for wine, coffee, tea, tobacco, &c. he pays for it the ſame prices as in a coffee-houſe, though every thing is of a much better quality. Sandwiches or cold ſuppers, may alſo be had on reaſonable terms. Four times in the year balls are given, and every Sunday, a large garden adjoining the club-houſe, is open to the wives, daughters, or female friends of the ſubſcribers. They had wiſely made it one of the rules of the club, that no foreigner can be admitted as a member, nor as a viſitor, above a month. This has prevented the intruſion of French officers, who ſwarm here, as well as every where elſe in the Batavian republic. Here I met with the Mayor and ſome of the municipal officers, who, to judge from their converſation, ſeemed not to be the moſt enlightened or reſpectable citizens of the ſociety;

I was

I was indeed told, that they owed their places more to the dread and influence of foreign bayonets, than to free choice and good opinion of their townſmen, or to their own merit. They were, therefore, treated as intruders, and ſhunned like ſpies, rather than revered as magiſtrates, or liked as companions; but they ſeemed as inſenſible of contempt, as regardleſs of dignity.

Arnheim has always been known for its Anti-Orange principles, and for its oppoſition to the government of a Stadtholder. It now repents, becauſe it ſuffers from a change, and from a revolution ſo long deſired. "We have now twelve, inſtead of one, Stadtholder," ſaid one of the citizens to me, "and we pay twenty-four times the contributions we paid to the Prince of Orange. Each of our twelve Directors has a larger family to enrich, more numerous relatives to ſupport, and fa-

vorites to advance than he had; and we are called upon to ſatisfy the immenſe exigencies of the State, always now involved and confounded with the cupidity, intereſt and extravagance of the individuals, our preſent rulers. Had our proſperity increaſed with our burdens, we ſhould in hope of a better futurity ſhut our eyes at what we now obſerve around us provoking, vexatious or irritating; but, our miſery augments with our impoſts, our bondage with our oppreſſion, and our ſtrides are equally rapid towards national ruin and national ſlavery."

That this complaint was not unjuſt, nor the picture too high coloured, I had every reaſon to believe, both from my own remarks, and from the aſſertions of ſeveral perſons, with whom I converſed. The ſituation of Arnheim, near the frontiers of Germany, and in the vicinity of the Rhine, made formerly its

tranſit

tranſit trade with Weſtphalia and the German Empire very flouriſhing; and its inhabitants were induſtrious and wealthy. Commercial liberty is more nearly connected with political freedom and ſocial happineſs, than many hiſtorians or writers ſeem to believe. When a people is forced to endure illegal reſtraint on its fair dealings; when its habitual intercourſe with neighbouring States is impeded by prohibitory laws and ruinous edicts; when its productions have no iſſue, its labour little recompence; poverty ſucceeds to affluence, and indolence takes the place of activity; its genuine and national ſpirit is gone, or exchanged for a ſhameful indifference or diſgraceful apathy; it becomes debaſed as well as beggared, and is ready to ſtretch out its neck to receive the moſt heavy yoke, the moſt cruel tyrant offers or determines to impoſe.

But ſome few years ago, the citizens

of Arnheim were the pride of their countrymen for their induftry, and the envy of foreigners on account of their profperity: at prefent they can excite no other fenfations or feelings, but thofe of pity and of compaffion. Under pretence that Englifh goods and manufactures were introduced from Germany by way of this town, a demi-brigade of Bonaparte's cuftom-houfe officers were, with fome gens-d'armes, quartered here, and on the banks of the Rhine. Thefe men began their functions with feizing, as contraband goods, every thing they could lay hand on, without inquiring whether it was the produce of the Batavian colonies, or of the Batavian commonwealth. When, afterwards, notwithftanding the remonftrances of the municipality, and the petitions of the merchants, thefe feizures were, by our commercial commiffaries, declared legal prizes; many capital

capital houſes ſuffered, ſome became inſolvent; and three months, and three hundred armed Frenchmen were ſufficient to annihilate the ſpirit of trade and order, which during the three preceding centuries had ſo diſtinguiſhed the people here.

That you may judge both of the injuſtice and cruelty of theſe proceedings, I will relate ſome anecdotes, illuſtrating, in part, the ſufferings of a nation, of whoſe independence our official memoirs and official papers ſo frequently boaſt.

A ſhip, or rather barge, from Utrecht, loaded with bales of woollen goods and fine cloths, fabricated at Leiden, was ſtopped by our cuſtom-houſe officer, two leagues from Arnheim. The Skipper had his paſſes and certificates all in order. In theſe were, according to the Batavian laws declared, that the contents of the cargo was entirely of

Dutch

Dutch manufacture, and all military and civil officers, therefore, enjoined not to obstruct its passage! But the regulations of Bonaparte, (which were at that time not published or enforced in Holland) require not only a general certificate of municipalities, but a particular one of the commercial tribunals, in which are specified not only the quality and quantity of the goods, but the name, and stamps of the manufacturer. In this country they have no commercial tribunals, but the magistrates never, at present, grant any passes for goods, without a previous declaration upon oath by the merchant as well as by the manufacturer. Notwithstanding a strong remonstrance on this subject by the owners, and the interference and recommendation even of the Batavian Directory, the ship and cargo were confiscated, and the Skipper arrested

rested until the penalties to which our laws subjected him, were acquitted.

A grocer here received a cargo of sugar and coffee from Rotterdam. It was the produce of a plantation he possessed at Surinam; which was proved both by certificates from the municipality and merchants at Rotterdam, and from his direct correspondence with his partner, residing in that colony. It was nevertheless adjudged a lawful capture, because the Skipper on his first examination, said it was the growth of another colony, Berbice, and the owner could produce no attestation to the contrary, from the tribunal of commerce at Paramariba in Surinam, where no such tribunal ever existed. In this affair two municipal officers at Rotterdam, who had been too zealous in defence of innocence and of justice, were also implicated. They were not only dismissed but fined. The conse-

quence

quence of this ſeizure was the ruin of four honeſt and worthy merchants, fathers of eighteen children, while it only procured ſome temporary means of extravagance to two of our cuſtom-houſe officers, who, from being the private ſpies of Madame Buonaparte, had, according to her recommendation to our miniſter, Chaptal, obtained *a lucrative poſt where they might ſoon enrich themſelves.*

LETTER

LETTER III.

Amsterdam, January, 1804.

MY LORD,

TO travel by land in this country is both dull, tedious and expenſive. Between Arnheim and Utrecht you paſs but few villages and not one town. The country is dreary and even; the roads heavy and ſandy, and people look gloomy and diſcontented. For economy I went with the dily, or as it is called, the poſt wagon. For my place and luggage I paid only ſix florins (eleven ſhillings); while, if I had travelled poſt I ſhould have been charged twenty-three florins (two pounds, two ſhillings) beſides the turnpikes, and not arrived earlier. The diſtance is only fourteen leagues, but I was ſixteen hours on the road, including

cluding one hour allowed for dinner. The Dutch coachmen and postilions move on rather faster than the German drivers, but they are exceedingly tiresome to persons accustomed to travel in France, Italy and England. They stop almost every hour or league, and are always more careful of their horses and of themselves, than of their passengers.

The Dutch post waggons are generally constructed so as to contain from six to eight travellers. Each place has its number, and the name of each passenger is registered. In paying for his place, he obtains a ticket with a number, which indicates, where he is to sit, and that he has paid for his journey. His trunks or portmanteaus are packed up or tied behind, but in such an awkward or negligent manner, that they are frequently either cut to pieces by the shaking, or dropped, or stolen on

the way. The owners of the coach offices not being reſponſible for loſſes, nor obliged to repair damages, travellers cannot be too much on their guard in looking after, or rather in not loſing ſight of their effects. The waggons are covered with wax-cloth, but are not ſuſpended upon ſprings; they are very low and narrow, and you ſit there in a very uncomfortable manner, particularly as the paſſengers have permiſſion to ſmoke and to perfume you with their ſtinking tobacco.

I had the misfortune to be ſeated between a German Jew and a Dutch clergyman. They both lighted their pipes the inſtant they entered the poſt waggon. Diſguſted with their behaviour, and being ſick of the ſmell, I reſolved to frighten theſe heroes of the pipe into decency. I told them very gravely, that the bag under my feet, (in which was nothing but my dreſſing gown, &c.) con-

contained two pounds of gun-powder, and requested them, therefore, to be mindful not to drop any fire or cinders. No sooner had I uttered these words, than all my companions called out in a chorus to the coachman to stop. They expostulated with me on the danger, and desired that the bag might be put somewhere else, as on the top of the post-waggon. The coachman, who was also an amateur of tobacco, was accordingly going to remove my bag, when I remembered that I was in a mercantile country, and in Holland, particularly, and therefore put my veto against all removal, by declaring that my bag also had within it, two hundred Dutch ducats in gold. This declaration settled the affair at once. My bag remained in *statu quo*, but with me was honoured with some hearty curses by the disappointed smokers, who took their revenge every time the

poſt-waggon ſtopped, to encircle it and myſelf in a cloud of ſmoke.

I had been recommended to lodge at Utrecht at the hotel, called "the New Citadel of Antwerp." If the charges had not been rather high, I ſhould have addreſſed all travellers wiſhing for, and able to pay for comforts, to this houſe. It is well ſituated, in the middle of the city; is airy and clean; the landlord civil, and the waiters attentive. There is no ordinary, as is commonly the caſe in Holland, as well as in other Continental States; but you are ſerved in your room almoſt in the manner of Paris and London; but you pay more in proportion than in theſe capitals.

The police at Utrecht ſeem more vigilant and troubleſome than in moſt other Dutch cities. Before we entered it, the poſt-waggon was ſtopped by ſome French gensdarmes, who asked for

for our paſſports, which were delivered by them to a French police commiſſary, who had his office near the gate. After his inſpection was over, two gensdarmes accompanied the poſt-waggon and took the name of the inns, where we ordered the luggage to be carried. Arrived there, the firſt thing the landlord preſented me with, even before I was ſhown my room, was a kind of police regiſter, in which I was to write down from my paſſport, all the particulars concerning my perſon, character, figure, and buſineſs; I was alſo to mention to whom I was known in the place; how long would be my ſtay; *where I had ſlept the night before;* and where I intended to travel from thence. To this humiliating formality, and to this inſulting inquiſition, Batavian citizens were equally ſubject with foreigners.

To the query in the regiſter, where the traveller had ſlept the night before? ſome

ſome impertinent or ridiculous anſwers had been inſerted. One did not ſleep at all; another ſlumbered on the river Rhine; a third dreamed in a trek-ſchuit; a fourth ſnored in a poſt-waggon, &c. This demand and theſe replies, ſuſpicion on one ſide and contempt on the other, evinced that I was in a country tormented by tyranny, or dreading anarchy.

Though Utrecht is not fortified, but only ſurrounded by a wall and a ditch; it had a garriſon of twelve thouſand Gallo-Batavian troops, of the army of England. They conducted themſelves, according to report, very ſoberly as to wine and liquors; but with regard to the fair ſex, they lived on free quarters, and exceſſes and outrages were related, which are hardly credible in the preſent age of gallantry and refinement. I heard the name of a wine merchant, father of four daughters, of whom the young-

eſt

eſt was not eight years of age, who after being tied to a bed-poſt, where he was obliged to witneſs the violence committed on his wife and children, by thirty-two grenadiers, was cut to pieces by them. His widow, the ſame night became inſane, and was ſent to a mad-houſe; and of his daughters, the two youngeſt ſurvived their parent only ſome few hours; and the two others are dragging on a lingering exiſtence worſe than death itſelf. And what do you think was the puniſhment of theſe aſſaſſins, of theſe raviſhers? They were not permitted on the Sunday following to be preſent at the ceremony of conſecrating the colours of their regiment! This anecdote was related to me with the greateſt ſang froid, by their own colonel, who aſſured me at the ſame time that they were the braveſt men in the French army.

Another gang of twenty-ſix mounted

riflemen, went during divine ſervice, into a church, two leagues from this city. After paſſing all the women and girls preſent in review, they put a dozen of them into requiſition, and carried them off by force to their poſt, half a league diſtant from the church, where they kept them for twenty-four hours, and until the commandant here upon a complaint of their parents and friends, ſent a company of huſſars to releaſe the captives, and diſarm their violators. Theſe, expecting ſuch a viſit, had prepared for a ſerious defence. Upon the huſſars obſerving this, they entered into a parley, and inſtead of diſarming the riflemen joined in their infamy; and when ſhortly afterwards a regiment of dragoons was ordered to arreſt both the riflemen and huſſars, they, after ſome ſtruggle and oppoſition ſucceeded; but of the women five were dead; and of the ſeven

remain-

remaining, three were dying, and four unable to walk or to be removed. The raviſhers were, for a puniſhment, ordered in the rear of the army! When ſuch is the conduct and the impunity of ſoldiers in a friendly country, what may not be dreaded and expected from them on the territory of nations at war with France.

LETTER IV.

Amsterdam, January, 1804.

MY LORD,

THE troops quartered at Utrecht are, with others, intended to form a camp at Zeist, two leagues from that city. As I had ſome buſineſs at Amersfort I viſited the ground ſelected for this encampment. From its poſition I judge it ſubject to inundations, and from what others told me, agues and fevers are very common in its vicinity during the ſummer and autumn. Fifty thouſand men may conveniently manœuvre here, but they muſt expect to encounter duſt, wind, and water, all the country being flat and ſandy, expoſed to the blaſts of north, eaſt, and ſouth, and protected from the weſtern gales only by ſome ſand hills. Great preparations

preparations are however made, and great improvements will no doubt take place previously to the time when the troops are marching thither. Some say that they will amount to forty thousand, but a staff officer assured me that they will not exceed twenty-five thousand; of whom one third are to be Dutch, or of the Germans in the Dutch service. In my opinion these troops are merely intended for parade, to amuse the Hollanders, rather than to invade Great Britain.

The distance from Utrecht to Amersfort is only four leagues; but for a two wheeled post chaise, called here a *furgon*, with two horses, I was charged seven florins, ten stivers, (sixteen shillings) and I was four hours on the way. It was on a Sunday that I arrived in the last town. After visiting a friend I went to church, where I observed such shocking indecencies as I have never

witneffed before in any place confe-crated to a Supreme Being. Not only moft of the men had their heads co-vered with their hats, bonnets, or *night caps*, but fome, with great phlegm fmoked their pipes, facing the clergy-man preaching in the pulpit. The un-concern with which the audience re-marked fuch fcandalous behaviour, proved to me that it was neither new nor uncommon. In this idea I was confirmed by my friend, who lamented that fince, (to ufe his own words) the French friends of liberty had taken upon themfelves to regenerate Dutch patriots, the latter had degenerated both in morality and religion to a level with the former, and they went to church as to a public houfe, difplaying the fame brutal manners and unfeeling minds. He affured me that fome of the lower people even carried with them to church gin or brandy as well

as

as tobacco, and that the ſermon of the preacher was frequently interrupted by the political diſcuſſions or vulgar jokes of the audience. Upon my inquiry whether blaſphemy and ſacrilege were not within the reach of the laws of the Batavian Republic, I was anſwered that in the revolutionary laws was no queſtion of a God or of his worſhip, but that the moſt ſevere pains were pronounced againſt thoſe, who mentioned with diſreſpect revolutionary rulers. The profeſſors of religion and its propagators, had alſo fallen into the ſame diſrepute with religion itſelf. Every body is at full liberty to ſtyle them fools and hypocrites, and the Divinity they adore, our Saviour, an impoſtor; but was any one even to ſay that the French conſuls or Batavian directors were criminal uſurpers, and their ſupporters wicked accomplices, the revolutionary laws

laws would ſtrike, nay, cruſh the culprit inſtantly.

The maſs of the people at Amersfort was attached to the houſe of Orange, but the moſt wealthy and reſpectable inhabitants were formerly of the patriotic party. In their number was my friend, without exactly knowing why he was an enemy of the Stadtholder and wiſhed for the aſſiſtance of France to alter the government. Our troops and our commiſſaries had however not been many weeks in the country, before he more ſincerely wiſhed for their departure, than he had rejoiced at their arrival. He now began to meditate on the motives, which had induced him to adopt his paſt political conduct, and could account to himſelf for it in no other manner, than that he had hated the Princes of Orange, becauſe their anceſtors had been hated by his forefathers; who, more fortunate than himſelf,

self, had lived and died freemen, their persons honoured and their property protected by that very government they so cordially had detested. With him it was very different. What had constituted the complaints and disappointments of their lives, had, in being removed, occasioned his suffering, and the disgrace and ruin of his country. Elected a member of the Batavian national convention, he simply supposed, that because revolutionary France had proclaimed the independence and freedom of Holland, that he was as a free citizen, at full liberty to pronounce his opinion freely and conscientiously as to the means of preserving the *blessings* so generously conferred by a conquering neighbour. But no sooner was his first speech known to the French ambassador, than he was *invited* to resign his place of a deputy, if he would avoid being expelled by force. He returned therefore

therefore in difguft to his native place, convinced that wherever foreigners are mafters, the people are flaves, and that their cant words of liberty, equality, and fraternity, are merely fnares to entrap the unfufpicious and unwary multitude, to humble the great, to plunder the wealthy, and to oppress them all, whether ariftocrates or democrates, republicans or demagogues. He now refolved to withdraw from the public and bufy fcene for ever, and mourn in filence, in the bofom of his family, the mifery of his contemporaries. He hoped that prudence would banifh fufpicion, and obfcurity infure safety, but being rich as well as patriotic, his property was attacked by thofe who could not, or dared not accufe his principles.

The firft public functionaries France beftowed on regenerated Holland, were needy adventurers from Brabant, Liege, and

and Flanders, or exiled or emigrated Dutchmen, many of whom were bankrupts in fortune as well as in characters. Of this last description was the first and temporary magistrate appointed at Amersfort after the revolution of 1795. Having no doubt received orders from his principal at the Hague, the French ambassador, to let my friend feel the effect of Gallic displeasure, he began a chicanery concerning the amount that was to be paid to the state by all capitalists. He pretended that my friend's declaration was not fair, and therefore condemned him to a heavy fine. Having however proved his innocence to the department, the fine was remitted, but his enemy became more enraged than ever, and plotted new mischiefs. At a sale in Amsterdam my friend had bought several rare and valuable pictures, without inquiring exactly to whom they

had

had belonged. A decree of the French national convention ordered about this time, that all pictures, monuments of arts, &c. appertaining to the ci-devant ſtadtholder, and the members of his government, who had followed him abroad, ſhould be confiſcated and ſent to France. Under pretence that thoſe purchaſed by my friend *had been ſeen* in the collection, or at the hotel of the late grand penſionary, Fagel, the revolutionary mayor, accompanied with ſoldiers, forced his way into my friend's houſe, and not only ſeized thoſe pictures but ſeveral others that had been in his family for upwards of a century. Seeing it vain to reſiſt the malignity of this petty tyrant, or to truſt to the dormant and unavailing laws for protection againſt his perſecution, my friend reſorted to negociation, and by the interference of a third perſon, after ſome large pecuniary ſacrifices not only

was

was for a time left undiſturbed, but recovered all the pictures ſeized in the name of the great nation; ſo incorruptible is modern patriotiſm! He has, nevertheleſs, ever ſince experienced that his name has been noted among the Anti Gallicans. It has always been the firſt upon liſts of exactions, requiſitions, and other organized pillage; he is therefore now collecting the wreck of his impaired fortune, with which he intends to emigrate to America. This private hiſtory of one Dutch patriot and Anti Orangiſt is that of all his reſpectable partiſans. All thoſe whom our ſeveral governments have not been able to corrupt and diſhonour, they have oppreſſed, and either ruined, or forced into a voluntary exile.

LETTER

LETTER V.

Amsterdam, January, 1804.

MY LORD,

INTENDING to return to Utrecht early in the morning, I ordered post horses to be ready at six o'clock. Knowing the regularity and punctuality of the Dutch I expected no delay, and was going to take my place in the chaise when I observed a small trunk I had brought with me, instead of being placed by my side, as at my arrival, tied behind and exposed to be lost. Ordering the postillion to untie it and put it inside, he sourly answered that it could not be done, because it looked as if we should have rain, and he wanted to sit by my side himself. (You remember Dutch post chaises are on two wheels.) Insisting upon

upon being obeyed, he as resolutely refused to stir. It is the custom in Holland that you always pay beforehand for post horses to a commissary, who often takes upon himself to decide the differences between the travellers and the postilions. I appealed to this man, who decided against me, not on account of the cloudy weather, but on account of the heavy roads; as the weight of the driver, a man of seven feet, and stout in proportion, would be less felt by the horses if he was inside, than as usual, placed before the chaise upon a seat. Being informed by my landlord, a civil German, who kept the inn called *Heeren Logement*, that the decision of the commissary was unjust, I demanded my money back again, with intent to wait for the post waggon. But money once in the pocket of a Dutchman is not easily restored. I was told, that if I did not choose to make

make any uſe of the horſes, I was equally obliged to pay for them as ſoon as they were ordered. Tired of the impertinence of the commiſſary, I requeſted the landlord to accompany me to the mayor, where I would have proffered my complaint. During the way, he ſaid to me, " if you will follow my advice, inſtead of waiting on the mayor, who is not yet up, and beſides very partial, apply to the military commander, who is a Frenchman, and has an invincible diſlike to the Dutch. He is now exercifing the troops." Upon my obſervation, that he was not the proper man, my complaint not being of a military nature, he replied, " never mind that, he meddles with every thing, decides every thing, and tranſacts every thing juſt as he thinks proper. He is a relation of the French ambaſſador de Simonville, and a favourite

vourite with the French general, Marmont."

No fooner had I related to this officer the caufe of my application to him, than he faid, "a moment's patience, fir! I fhall foon fettle the bufinefs; this town contains only a fet of thieves and rafcals." He accepted my invitation to breakfaft, and accompanied me to the inn. At his prefence both the commiffary and the poftillion turned pale. He afked the former whether I had not hired the chaife for myfelf and for Utrecht? anfwered in affirmative, he ordered him to return me my money, as he had by his obftinacy violated the agreement. To this the commiffary demurred, as contrary to the poft regulations of the Batavian republic. "D——n your regulations and your republic," continued the commander, "you fhall immediately obey my orders, or I fhall fend you where you

you ſhall repent of it;" ſo ſaying, he ordered his aide-de-camp to fetch five grenadiers from the neareſt guard houſe. "Do you know," interrupted the commiſſary, "that I am alſo a municipal officer?" "Are you," retorted the commander, "then I am certain that you not only deſerve to be arreſted, but to be hanged. Do you not remember that I laſt week tranſported four of your worthy comrades to the *Raſp Huis* (bridewell) where they are waiting for the gallows, for the thefts they committed, when in their official capacity they were to take an inventory of the property of the deceaſed jeweller?" At this time the commiſſary was marched off between the grenadiers; and the poſtillion, alarmed for his own liberty, begged me as a favour to ſet out in the manner I firſt deſired.

During the breakfaſt the Commander drew the moſt diſguſting, and I hope

exaggerated

exaggerated picture of the characters of modern Dutchmen in general, and of thoſe employed in the magiſtracy in particular. He ſaid that he had been in Holland upwards of two years, and found every where the ſame meanneſs, avarice, and immorality. The people abhorred the French, but had not courage to ſhow it; they loved nothing and nobody but money, for which they would willingly renounce their God, and ſell their parents, children, and country. To obtain it they would ſtoop to the moſt abject and vileſt actions, deceive their friends, and cheat their neighbours. From theſe and other expreſſions you may eaſily ſuppoſe that he was at leaſt prejudiced againſt an unfortunate nation, enduring ſo many wrongs from powerful and tyrannical foreigners.

Upon hinting my apprehenſion, that the ſervice he had rendered me might

expoſe him to diſagreements with the municipality, and upon my requeſt that the commiſſary might be releaſed, he only ſaid laughing "I know well with what people I deal; before noon the Mayor at the head of the municipality will wait on me and ſupplicate for the liberty of the fellow I ordered to be impriſoned. They hate me, but they fear me, and I rule them by terror, becauſe I deſpiſe them. Only ſome few days ago they had the audacity to propoſe an accommodation for the theft I mentioned before, committed by four of them, but I remained inflexible to the promiſe I had given the amiable widow of the jeweller. The manner in which their crime was diſcovered ſhews both Dutch infamy and Dutch ſtupidity. One of the wives of the municipal officers went to a wedding with a ring for which the bridegroom lately had bargained with the

the ſince dead jeweller; and upon inquiry how much had been paid for it, was anſwered by the huſband, that it had been given him by the deceaſed, who was well known never to give away any thing. This cauſed ſome ſuſpicion, and when the friends of the widow looked over the books they remarked that ſeveral other valuable trinkets were alſo miſſing. After many delays to obtain juſtice from the Mayor, the widow called on me, and related her ſituation and her ſuſpicions. I inſtantly cauſed the ſuſpected perſon to be apprehended; queſtioning him about the loſt trinkets, he after ſome heſitation avowed, that he and his other three comrades had taken them ſecretly, though with full determination to pay for them, with what was due to them for their official duty by the widow. Without farther ceremony I ordered them all four to be conducted

to prifon, and it fhall not be my fault if they efcape the gallows."

The particulars of this anecdote the poftillion confirmed to me on the road, with the addition, that the Commander's conduct in this affair was not quite difinterefted; having firft offered for three thoufand florins, 260l. to bury it in oblivion; but after fome interviews with the young widow he changed his refolution; and as he vifits her every day, it is believed that he has fome view either on her perfon or property, and perhaps on both.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

Amsterdam, January, 1804.

MY LORD,

THOUGH I had only been abſent from Utrecht three days, and left part of my luggage behind me in the inn, the ſame formalities were obſerved with regard to my paſsport, and its inſertion in the Police Regiſter, as on the firſt night I arrived there. This cauſed me ſome ſurpriſe, but no uneaſineſs. I ordered my ſupper, and in waiting for it, was muſing in my room, when the door was ſuddenly opened, and a police commiſſary, accompanied with two gensdarmes, preſented himſelf to me. He aſked for my paſsport, and after looking over it, what my buſineſs had been at Amersfort, and particularly in walking round the ground where

where the camp at Zieſt was to be formed. He alſo inquired whether I had taken any drawing of the ſpot. To the firſt queſtion I ſaid the truth, that my buſineſs was entirely of a private nature. I went to ſee a friend, who ten years ago had ſhewn me great civility, and rendered me many ſervices. As to my viſit to Zieſt, it was in my way to Amersfort, and curioſity alone made me leave the carriage: but the poſtillion never loſt ſight of me, and could therefore witneſs that I had neither paper nor pencil in my hand during the ſhort time I walked about. The commiſſary then demanded the keys to my trunk and portmanteau, as he muſt look over my books and papers. Theſe I delivered, and after a ſtrict ſearch of three hours, during which he diſcovered nothing to inculpate or to ſuſpect me, he went away, but I was to continue under arreſt in

my

my room, under the guard and reſponſibility of a genſdarmes until ordered otherwiſe.

I carried with me ſeveral open letters of recommendation to merchants and others at Amſterdam, Rotterdam, and the Hague, but I had none for Utrecht. I could therefore claim the interference in my behalf of nobody there, but was reduced to truſt to my own innocence entirely; a feeble ſupport in revolutionary times, where often crime in power confounds the accuſed with the guilty, and immolates the unfortunate to the dread of vengeance or to ſecure impunity.

What a bleſſing is a good conſcience, reſignation, and contempt of death! In our days no man has to frequent countries bleeding from anarchy, or agitated by parties, without having previouſly convinced himſelf of the little value of exiſtence, and who can

 lay

lay down with the ſame indifference on a rack as on a bed. It was near nine o'clock in the morning before the genſdarmes awoke me with the gladdening tiding that I was no longer his priſoner, and aſked me for ſome money to drink to my health.

When dreſſed I went to ſee the police commiſſary, who had taken with him my paſsport on the night before. He now received me in a very different manner, aſſuring me that my momentary detention had originated entirely from miſtake, and from the erroneous reports of thoſe ſpies whom Government had placed in the vicinity of Zieſt to watch travellers. He returned me my paſsport, to which he had added his own ſignature. This occurrence evinces the neceſſity of prudence, as well as the effects of miſtruſt.

In quitting him I took a walk round the city. Its former beautiful alleys

wear

wear so visible marks of depredation and of neglect. Though all cities and towns of the Batavian Republic have more or less planted walks, those in the neighbourhood of Utrecht were formerly, in my opinion, even preferable to those round Amsterdam and Rotterdam. Here, he, whom misfortune, learning, choice, or character, had made a philosopher, was seldom interrupted in his meditations, either by the bustle of commerce, by the noise of pleasure, or by the riot of debauchery. He might walk for hours having no other interruption in his meditations but the play of childhood, and its natural and unaffected felicity;—an invaluable interruption, or rather a lively gratification to a mind disgusted with the usual artifices of manhood. Now, children and nurses were no longer seen; soldiers and harlots had taken their place, and profligacy and indecency

cency had driven away both innocence and tenderneſs.

Utrecht, like Amersfort, is not a commercial city. It derives its affluence and population from being the capital of a province, from its univerſity, and from the numerous rich annuitants, who have retired from trade, and who live here upon the capitals gained in trade by their anceſtors. Its ſituation is comparatively rather elevated, and is conſidered as very healthy. Had I to ſelect a reſidence in this country, I ſhould prefer it to any other. When I was here ten years ago, the ſociety was very agreeable, and what I like much, very muſical. At preſent, I was told, that many of the principal families had emigrated, and that thoſe ſtill remaining invited no foreigners, in conſequence of the ungrateful and unbecoming behaviour of French republican officers, who,

often

often, after borrowing money from the father, or the husband, seduced the daughter and debauched the wife. I heard some anecdotes on this subject which, although recent, seem to me to appertain to ages that had not advanced to civilisation, or to nations, where the barbarian respects no virtue, and the savage reveres no divinity.

Citizen Van T—— of this city, at the age of fifty, had married a young woman of twenty. This was not one of those unnatural matches which parental authority or filial cupidity so often conclude. It was the disinterested desire of the father, and unbiassed choice of the daughter, which united Mademoiselle B——n to a husband so much older than herself. She had almost grown up under his eye, and had esteemed him for years, as a friend, before affection made her his wife. Though far from even being handsome,

his politeneſs, his delicacy, his generoſity, his attention, and his manners were irreſiſtible, and in his company therefore all women forgot his age, but remembered the accompliſhed, amiable gentleman. This couple had paſſed together ten years of uninterrupted domeſtic happineſs, and were parents of two daughters and of three ſons, when the French republican Colonel, Beaucour, was introduced to them. After an acquaintance of three months he was ordered to march towards North Holland, threatened then by an Engliſh invaſion, and was wounded near Heldern, when the troops under General Abercromby made good their landing. When Citizen Van T—— was informed of this accident, he invited him to his houſe, where better care would be taken of him, than in the military hoſpital, then crowded with wounded and dying officers and ſoldiers.

diers. Of this invitation Beaucour accepted, and became in short time an inmate of the family. But what was the return he made for so much kindness, for such generous hospitality? Having heard that his host had some diamonds of great value, he persuaded Madame Van T—— not only to steal them, and a sum of five thousand ducats in money, but to desert her children and to dishonor and make wretched their father. He soon however became as cruel to his mistress, as he had been ungrateful to his benefactor. After plundering her of all her ill-gotten valuables, and almost stripping her of her clothes, he left her in an inn near Cleves, from which place she wrote a repentant letter to her husband, before she finished her misery and buried her infamy in the Rhine. By bribes and presents Beaucour had procured himself the rank of a general of brigade,

brigade, and expired as fuch *in the field of honour*, at an engagement in Suabia, during the autumn of 1800.

. Another republican officer, Danvilliers, a captain of dragoons, was quartered in the houfe of a wine merchant in this city, who was abfent in Germany on bufinefs. On his return, his wife was dying of an infamous difeafe, and his two daughters, both under twenty, pregnant by the villain who had injured their mother. Inquifitive travellers may collect in every city or town of the United Provinces hundreds of fimilar anecdotes, all more or lefs abominable or atrocious.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

Amsterdam, January, 1804.

MY LORD,

HAVING ſome acquaintance at Naarden I took that town in my way to this city. You know it is one of the ſtrongeſt fortreſſes of Europe, and the key of Amſterdam. It ſeems however at preſent much neglected, the fortifications are in many parts falling to ruin, and the ditches filling with filth and mud. Some invalids were upon duty at the gates and on the ramparts, but the ſtreets, the houſes and the inhabitants looked poor and deſolate. Neither manufactories nor commerce proſper here, from whence the only branch of gain, the former and numerous garriſons are alſo withdrawn.

This

This town capitulated to the Duke of Brunſwick in October, 1787, and opened its gates for French troops in January, 1795. Had the Duke of York ſucceeded in the autumn, 1799, to capture Amſterdam, a plot is ſaid to have been formed here, by ſome ſecret friends of the Houſe of Orange, to ſurrender it to the Anglo-Ruſſian army in the name of and for the Stadtholder. Four perſons were ſhot, and eighteen continue ſtill in priſon, in conſequence of the diſcovery of this real or pretended conſpiracy.

Four times in the winter, and ſix times in the ſummer, trekſchuits ſail or are drawn by horſes backwards and forwards between Naarden and Amſterdam. This mode of travelling is certainly the cheapeſt and moſt convenient, though not the moſt pleaſant or agreeable. For a trifling ſum the principal cabin, called the *roef*, might be

engaged

engaged, but if even there alone, one is not free from being plagued with the pipes of the eternal Dutch smokers. The passengers in the next cabin smoke on one side, while the master and his man, on the other, never have their pipes out of their mouths.

The approach of the first continental commercial city is not so striking or imposing in coming from Naarden, as when you enter it on the side of Harlem or Utrecht. The country houses and gardens are less numerous and less tasteful; but what is wanted in splendor is made up in utility. Every where are seen windmills and manufactories, barges loading and unloading, timber yards, brick houses, founderies, dock yards, rope walks, and other signs of industry and evidences of activity and gain.

After being obstructed or vexed at the entrance of every place in Holland,

I expected

I expected the fame or more trouble-fome ceremonies before I was permitted to fet my feet on the pavement of this city; but neither names were afked nor pafsports required, and I began to think that the moft populous place was alfo the moft free. I foon however found my error.

My luggage was hardly brought into my room before the landlord laid before me a fimilar police regifter to thofe I had feen every where elfe on the road. When he had read my name, he enquired whether I did not expect a fervant from Hamburgh? Having anfwered in the affirmative, he faid, then I have a letter for you from him. He has been in prifon, poor devil! thefe five days, for want of patrons to protect him, or friends to claim him elfewhere. His letter was doleful indeed; he had been four times carried between foldiers to the Stadt-houfe

from

from the priſon, to mention or find ſome ſecurities. No objection could be made againſt his paſsport, but before he could reſide in full liberty in this city, ſome citizen muſt declare their knowledge of him, and of the buſineſs which occaſioned his arrival. Had I retarded a day longer, he would have been ſent out of the city as a vagabond and perhaps out of the country as an impoſtor.

I waited immediately on the Burgomaſter, ſhewed my paſsport, and above all my letters of recommendation. He in his turn wrote a note to one of the houſes to which I was addreſſed, no doubt to be informed whether my letter to it was genuine or fabricated. Being ſatisfied on this ſubject, I was accepted as a caution for my ſervant, but ordered at the ſame time to preſent myſelf with him once in the week, at the police office, where, within eight days,

days, if my conduct was approved of, I would be favoured with a card of hoſpitality, which would protect me during my ſtay. A ſimilar one would alſo be given to my ſervant, but he adviſed us both not to walk out without them or our paſſes in our pocket, for fear of being detained by the police, which is now ſo ſevere, that every houſe-keeper is obliged, under a fine of five hundred florins, 44 l. to ſend there an immediate and written account of every ſtranger who intends to paſs a night in his houſe. This regulation is even extended to maſters of ſhips or of ſmall crafts, at anchor in the harbour.

All theſe troubleſome and impertinent *meaſures of ſafety* have been introduced in Holland ſince that country was curſed with French revolutionary fraternity. Formerly if ſome few rogues eſcaped, no honeſt man was inſulted; at preſent every honeſt man is treated

treated like a rogue; while the paſſports of thoſe who have the moſt to fear or to reproach themſelves are uſually the leſs faulty; they, whoſe motives for travelling are pure and whoſe buſineſs is fair, are often negligent of formalities, humiliating as well as degrading, and therefore the ſole ſufferers from ſuch liberticide and vexation.

I was particularly inquiſitive to know whether, ſince ſuch reſtrictions had been laid on travellers, the number of criminals, of vagabonds, and of adventurers, had decreaſed. As every liberal and enlightened mind might have foreſeen, the very reverſe was the caſe. The impediments laid by it to trade and a free circulation diminiſhed the reſources and the wealth of many citizens, who ſubſiſted entirely by letting lodgings, or by accommodating travellers. Theſe, before they could attend to their private affairs, now were obliged

obliged to loſe half a day or more to dance attendance at the municipality or in the police offices; they therefore put the buſineſs of ſeveral journies together. To the catalogue of guilt theſe reſtrictions added a new claſs of culprits, conſiſting of forgers of paſſes, of cards of citizenſhip, or of cards of hoſpitality, of ruined innkeepers and beggared keepers of furniſhed lodging houſes.

My ſervant informed me that on the firſt day he paſſed in priſon a man called upon him there, and offered him, if he could diſpoſe of one hundred florins, 10*l.* 10*s.* not only to obtain his liberty, but to procure whatever neceſſary papers he wanted to reſide here undiſturbed by the police. This offer he declined, truſting for his releaſe to my arrival, which he knew could not be diſtant. Having mentioned this occurrence to a reſpectable merchant,

chant he told me the following anecdote..

Before the revolution no country was lefs infefted with robbers and houfebreakers than Holland. The numerous examples of induftry, the many means of honeft gain, the general comfort witneffed every where, the natural confequence of labour, made even idlenefs active and vice repentant. But no fooner were our republican reformers mafters of the Batavian commonwealth than property became unfafe, by extortions and requifitions, and a general ftagnation of commerce was experienced. Within fix months after the departure of the Prince of Orange, between three and four thoufand merchants' clerks were out of place in this city alone, together with twenty thoufand barge or boatmen, porters, carriers and other perfons, who gained their livelihood from employments by

merchants

merchants, and traders. Some of thefe unfortunate men were preffed for the colonies or for the navy, others enlifted in the army, but many, feduced by the depravity of the times and the precepts of the invaders, or from corrupt habits, eftablifhed affociations of thieves, of fwindlers, committed frauds and robberies, but efcaped difcovery by the fupport they purchafed from French generals and commiffaries, or by the difficulty to trace the fource of their crimes, always artfully committed and perplexing to the judges. They took and furnifhed houfes in the moft expenfive ftile, not only at Amfterdam, but at Bruffels, Bordeaux, Paris, Lyons, Hamburgh, and in all other principal cities and towns on the continent. Though often fufpected, fome times accufed, they were for years never convicted of any depredations; on the contrary their credit increafed with their

their thefts and frauds, and had they been more prudent and less audacious, they might have shaken all confidence and credit on the continent to pieces.

A woman was the cause of the apprehension and punishment of some of them, and of the dispersion of the remainder. Her name was Casner, a native of Brabant, but she was kept by a certain Van Barger, one of the chiefs of this gang of villains, who resided here. Having quarrelled with him, she left him by stealth, and carried away a trunk, of which he seemed particularly careful. She expected to find in it diamonds or money, but was much disappointed in seeing its contents to be nothing but letters, old bills of exchange, and other papers of no use or value to her. Her lover's care of this trunk, and some expressions in the letters made her however conceive, that it must be of great interest to him, and

therefore ſhe addreſſed herſelf to a relation, an attorney, and aſked him to look over the papers, and if he thought it worth his while give them back to the owner, in conſideration of ſome pecuniary remuneration. The firſt paper he peruſed made him reſolve to denounce to the magiſtrates Van Barger and his aſſociates. But the former had already eſcaped with what caſh and valuables he could collect, and of the latter only twenty-three were here brought before the tribunal, and received due puniſhment; ſeveral hundred perſons were alſo taken up in France, Germany, and Italy, as implicated in the ſame crimes, but few of them were found guilty, and all the others let looſe again upon a ſociety, which they had ſo much injured.

When in ſearch after theſe men the police alſo diſcovered four other lodging houſes full of ſuſpicious characters,

and

and who could give but an indifferent account of themfelves and of their means of fubfiftence. But they were all provided with regular paffes or cards of citizenfhip, fo well imitated, that for a while it did not occur to the magiftrates that they might be forged. One of them being however recognifed as an old offender turned evidence againft his accomplices: much ftolen property was recovered, and nine houfekeepers, hitherto of a refpectable character, were convicted as accomplices in the forgeries as well as in the robberies. It is however but juftice to fay, that of thefe criminals very few were Dutchmen, but moft of them natives of Brabant, Flanders, and France. Van Barger was born at Ghent.

LETTER VIII.

Amsterdam, February, 1804.

MY LORD,

A FOREIGNER, well recommended, (though not a merchant) meets no where more real civility, than in this city. Many of the firſt merchants and bankers keep open houſes certain days in the week; after the firſt invitation a place at table is always reſerved for him, and he is as regularly expected as one of the partners of the houſe, or one of the members of the family. All the principal inhabitants have their country reſidences, if poſſible, ſtill more ſplendid than their houſes in town. The inſtant he is introduced he is alſo informed, that an apartment there is at his excluſive ſervice, and that he is welcome to

to make ufe of it whenever agreeable to himfelf. In the fine feafon, the female part of opulent Dutch families generally pafs their time in the country, where their hufbands, fathers, fons, or brothers, join them every Saturday, and fpend the Sundays in hilarity. Promenades on the water, mufical parties and other innocent amufements, make the hours glide too quickly away. On the Monday morning the gentlemen return to town, and to their ufual occupations. Strangers are, neverthelefs, always defired to keep the ladies company, and often with them forget the beauties of their own countries, the wives to whom they are united, and the miftreffes to whom they have fworn fidelity.

In moft countries, I have heard very unjuft and erroneous ideas of the characters of the fair ones in Holland. Thofe of the firft claffes are here, as well

well as in France and England, brought up with a great deal of care and attention; but their education is a mixture of English and French manners and notions; and it therefore ſtrikes a foreigner as rather ſingular, what he for the firſt time obſerves in a faſhionable circle of Dutch belles. He does not know what to think of the contradictions before his eyes, of the frequent eaſe and baſhfulneſs, modeſty and boldneſs, elegance and awkwardneſs, that often diſplay themſelves in the ſame perſon, during the ſame evening.

Dutch women, notwithſtanding appearances, and the remarks of curſory travellers, are lively and amiable, and do not evince that phlegm, which makes the ſociety of Dutchmen often dull and fatiguing; but they muſt firſt know and eſteem the viſitor they admit to their company. Once upon amicable or domeſtic terms, art or timidity

wears

wears away, and nature ſhews itſelf without diſguiſe and to their honour and advantage. They are much more ſincere than our French women, and, notwithſtanding what I have experienced or read of the conſtancy of the fair ſex in the Britiſh iſlands, I do not know whether I would not as much confide in a female friend of this country.

That the occupation of Holland by French revolutionary ſoldiers, has injured the morals of the women as well as of the men, I do not deny. Whereever they penetrate, the effect muſt always be equally fatal. But they have not been able to intrude themſelves in the firſt ſocieties, and the havock cauſed by their immorality and corruption, (though not the leſs to be deplored) with few exceptions, falls on the middle and lower claſſes; with them, as I have been told, they have left behind ſuch

 feeds

ſeeds of profligacy, ſuch examples of depravity, that ages of order, of virtue, and of religion, muſt ſucceed our times of anarchy, vice, and infidelity, before any favorable change can be expected. I ſpeak only from hearſay, though the bold loooks and indelicate language of ſome women of the middle claſſes, I had an opportunity to converſe with, ſeemed to indicate that I had been but too well informed; and that their exceſſes would be more ſeducing and dangerous, than thoſe of abandoned women in France, becauſe they uſually ſaved appearances at leaſt, not tempting youth nor alarming innocence by audacious regards and impudent expreſſions.

One alteration I obſerved among the ladies of faſhion here, which I highly diſapproved. Paint and *rouge* are now as common among them as among our belles in France. Theſe, however,

however, put it on with ſo much art, and ſo much ſtudy, that it ſeldom diſfigures; but here, neither the miſtreſſes nor the maids ſhew any taſte or judgment. A lady to whom I ſpoke on this ſubject, aſſured me gravely, that my complaint would ſoon be removed; a French prieſt had advertiſed in the public prints, that for a ſmall ſum, he would attend the toilettes of ladies, and teach them how to uſe *rouge* and *white* in a manner to imitate nature ſo perfectly as to impoſe even upon huſbands and lovers. Twelve leſſons, ſhe ſaid, were ſufficient. But although I ſaw her ſome months afterwards, and I knew from herſelf that ſhe had engaged the abbé, her face preſented rather decay than improvement. It is alſo true, that ſhe was on the wrong ſide of forty, and had never led the moſt regular life.

LETTER IX.

Amsterdam, February, 1804.

MY LORD,

BESIDES ſeveral clubs and literary ſocieties, where a foreigner may be introduced, and paſs his time agreeably, here is a French theatre alſo, and entirely ſupported by voluntary ſubſcriptions. If recommended to any of the ſubſcribers, a free ticket of admittance is given him for the time of his ſtay. Here he is ſure to meet the beſt and moſt ſelect company, as no tickets are transferable, and no entrance money paid or taken. As to the performers, they are certainly ſuperior to thoſe on many of our theatres at Paris; I think them nearly on a level with thoſe I ſaw on the French theatre at Hamburgh; they are liberally

rally rewarded, and if poffeffing talents and of irreproachable characters, are admitted in preference as language or mufic mafters in many refpectable families.

Holland has not yet nine years formed a part of our revolutionary dominions, and, neverthelefs, the French language is common even among the people; moft of them fpeak it, and all underftand it. Even grooms and chambermaids, peafants and fifhermen, addreffed me in French. The policy of our government is vifible even here. By ordering that no perfons fhould be public functionaries, who could not converfe in French as well as in Dutch, and by employing and advancing in preference thofe who were moft perfect in it, every one has been, or is ftudying French, in preference even to their own native tongue. Should the profperity of our arms continue half a

 century

century more, I ſhould not be ſurpriſed were French to ſuperſede or extinguiſh many other continental languages, and be more univerſal than even Latin was, in the moſt brilliant days of ancient Rome.

In all companies here nothing is ſpoken but French, which the ſervants ſpeak as fluently as their maſters or miſtreſſes. French faſhions, French diſhes, French furniture, have entirely baniſhed the wholeſome and becoming Engliſh, and the plain Dutch manner of dreſſing and of eating. I do not approve of thoſe changes; they are neither congenial with the habits of the people, nor with the climate of the country. One eaſtern blaſt, or one night's fog, is ſufficient to ruin the conſtitution of all the Batavian *nudes en maſs;* and ſome meals of our *ragous*, and of our *fricaſees*, of our *entrées*, and of our *entremets*, will be enough

to

to derange for ever Dutch ſtomachs, accuſtomed to ſimple fare and ſound diet.

Formerly, and only ſome few years ago, the hours of breakfaſt, dinner, and ſupper, were the ſame among all claſſes of people in this republic; they all breakfaſted at eight, dined at two, and ſupped at eight or nine. At preſent among the higher and the wealthy, nobody leaves the bed before ten or eleven, and no one dines before ſix, or ſups before twelve at night, or one in the morning. This irregular and unnatural manner of living, is injurious to the health of a people accuſtomed from youth, to regular hours, and hurtful to the affairs of a commercial nation, that is indebted to order alone for a long proſperity. The chiefs of the firſt and richeſt houſes here were ten years ago, in their counting houſes dictating to, or directing their clerks,

before

before nine o'clock in the morning; they had then time to confult and meditate about their concerns and fpeculations, before they went upon the exchange, of which the hours are ftill what they were, between one and two o'clock. At prefent their breakfaft is not over before noon; they muft, therefore, truft to confidential clerks, who often are as fafhionable as their mafters, and, therefore, in their turns, depend upon others. Our fraternity indeed has not left our Batavian brethren many commercial affairs to tranfact, but, for that very reafon, what little remains has to be fo much the more attended to, if Hollanders will avoid being involved in the fame commercial ruin with Frenchmen. The departure and arrival of mails are, befides, yet regulated according to former cuftoms of life. Except the bags for Great Britain, and fome other foreign ftates,

all

all others are made up before six o'clock in the evening, and a merchant who loses four hours of his morning, will hardly have time to transact business and answer correspondents during some few hours of the afternoon.

These remarks are not my own, but were made to me by Citizen M——, a Dutch capitalist, retired from commerce, and who, though a staunch patriot before the arrival of our French patriots, is at present such a violent Anti-Gallican, that he has disinherited an only son, because he learned the French language contrary to his commands, and he frequents no company where French is spoken. I saw him retire abruptly from a table once, because a young and giddy girl asked me, in the French, to help her to the wing of a fowl. He has sold all his property in this country, where he does not possess a foot or an acre of ground.

He

He is looked upon to be worth three millions of florins, 270,000 pounds, the whole of which he has placed in the English funds. "I carry my fortune in my port-folio," said he once to me. "I expect only a pacification between England and France to resolve where I shall finish my days. Should then Buonaparte continue the master of Holland, I will immediately, and for ever, bid farewell to my native land." He has sent his only daughter to be educated somewhere near London, with the strictest injunction not to learn French. He asserts, that if every patriotic father was as prudent and determined as himself, the French would soon be spoken only within the ancient limits of the French monarchy.

I met once in company, a Baron d'Y——, another Dutchman, (the very reverse of Citizen M——) a fop infatuated with France, with Buonaparte,

parte, and with himſelf. Having paſſed a winter at Paris, dined with Napoleon, and danced with Joſephine, felicity is no where found by him, beyond the barriers of our capital, nor good breeding and manners any where elſe but in the palace of the Thuilleries. He has renounced for ever the vulgar Dutch tongue, and is such a pedant to his word, that if thoſe with whom he converſes do not comprehend French, he calls his Flemiſh valet to be his interpreter. His buſineſs here now, is to diſpoſe of all the property his father (a general in the ſervice of the Prince of Orange) had bequeathed him. He intends to buy a houſe at Paris, and there, without interruption, admire the firſt conſul, and philoſophiſe on his happy ſtar that made him live in the age of Buonaparte, and permitted him to be counted among the inhabitants of the moſt poliſhed city in the univerſe.

verſe. I have as near as poſſible, written down his own words. A mother, two ſiſters, and a brother in law, are inconſolable for his folly, and have in vain applied to the magiſtrates to prevent the ſale of his eſtate. As he is near thirty years of age, I am inclined to think that he is paſt cure. Of this opinion a very lovely lady, who had reſided two years at Paris, alſo was. Upon his conſultation with her, where he ſhould eſtabliſh himſelf in that city, ſhe anſwered, in turning her back on him, "in the hotel of the incurables."

LETTER

LETTER X.

Amsterdam, February, 1804.

MY LORD,

BEFORE the revolution this city contained, according to ſeveral ſtatements, four hundred thouſand inhabitants; and of theſe only four thouſand five hundred were reduced to beggary or a charge to the community. The calculation made up laſt year from official documents, proves that it has loſt above one-fourth of its population, and that of the remainder nearly one-third, or eighty-five thouſand ſouls, had no other reſources but thoſe which compaſſion allows poverty! What a terrible truth, what a horrible leſſon to revolutioniſts, to reformers, and lovers of innovations! Yes, collections have been made not only

only in all churches and chapels, but magiſtrates, accompanied with clergymen, have, from door to door, from houſe to houſe, implored generoſity and pity for a wretchedneſs bordering on deſpair. That, however, thoſe donations, though liberal, are inſufficient, the miſery ſeen every where, the ſuicides heard of, and the crimes read of, are palpable evidences. Here, where ten years ago not a beggar was ſuffered in the ſtreets, you are now ſurrounded by hundreds imploring, tormenting, and even threatening. A ſingle ſuicide at that time was the ſurprize, the terror, and the talk of the people for months, nay, for years; at preſent, every day, almoſt every hour, exhibits the moſt ſhocking ſpectacle. Here a whole family is poiſoned; there a mother with her children has, in a watery grave, buried themſelves alive. Here a piſtol has put an end to the exiſtence

iſtence of a ruined father; there halters have been reſorted to, and five or ſix victims of miſery are dragged out to be buried and forgotten. In one ſtreet famine has devaſtated and vacated half the houſes; in another thieves, robbers, and forgers have domiciliated themſelves, and murdered thoſe they had ſtripped or plundered! Enquire into the cauſes of all theſe horrors, and the anſwer is always the ſame. "ALL THIS WRETCHEDNESS WAS BROUGHT ON US BY THE REVOLUTION. WE WERE WELL, WE WISHED TO BE BETTER, AND SUCH WE ARE AS YOU SEE US."

A friend related to me a moſt lamentable tale. A father, a mother, and eight children, all coldly and deliberately ran in the face of their creator, and to eſcape ſome temporary evils, expoſed themſelves to the riſk of eternal perdition. A citizen of the name of Vander Beulen, ſon of a rich banker,

banker, had inherited from his parents a fortune of two millions of florins, 166000l. Seduced by the ſophiſtry, by the declamations, and by the promiſes of the firſt National Aſſembly, he went to ſettle in France, where he carried all his property with him. He placed his money in the French funds, *guaranteed by the honour of the French nation*, according to the expreſſions of Mirabeau and Talleyrand. Of this guarantee he however ſoon experienced the real value. He was paid his intereſts in aſſignats, and when complaining of their loſs, was impriſoned as ſuſpected, and narrowly eſcaped the guillotine, as a conſpirator, having depreciated the current paper money of the French republic. After the death of Robeſpierre, the doors of the priſon were opened to him. No longer the dupe of viſionary ſchemes, he gathered together

gether the wreck of his fortune, returned to this city, and ſettled as a merchant; as ſuch he was reſpected, and continued with various ſucceſs until the Spring, 1800, when a French commiſſary, accompanied by French bayonets, demanded the keys of his warehouſes, and ſequeſtered their contents, under pretence that they were Engliſh productions, or Engliſh goods. In them were not only embarked his own capital, but he was beſides conſiderably indebted for them to merchants in London, Embden, and at Hamburgh. After having in vain petitioned and complained, pleaded and ſupplicated, he took the deſperate reſolution of terminating an exiſtence which ſo many and complicated misfortunes had made inſupportable. Not wiſhing to leave a wife and children, all of whom he tenderly loved, to the contempt of the unfeeling, or to the

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temptations of the diſtreſſed, he convoked a kind of family council, before which he explained the dreadful ſituation of his affairs, and his ſtill more dreadful determination of periſhing that night with thoſe members of his family who had courage and affection enough to accompany him in the grave. He required their individual and written opinions or aſſent before eight o'clock at night. He was obeyed. They all preferred death to poverty, and to die with their father and friend ſooner than to live without him. The youngeſt daughter, juſt paſt fourteen, had given her aſſent in the following words:

"Deareſt and moſt beloved Parent,

In ſuch a ſelfiſh and depraved age, at a time when Providence itſelf ſeems to be the protector of guilt, and the perſecutor of virtue, what have I, (who have no crimes to reproach me, and

and no intent to become criminal) to do in a world feemingly created for the worthlefs only? I therefore am refigned, and ready to die, in a manner you think lefs infufferable. Let only, deareft papa, my agony be as fhort as poffible!

Signed,

ANNA VANDER BEULEN."

At nine o'clock they all fat mournfully and filently down to their laft fupper, which, as ufual confifted of fome vegetables and cold meat. As ufual the father treated his wife and children with a glafs of wine. When the table cloth was removed, and the fervant had retired, they all looked at him trembling and agitated, and Madame Vander Beulen took courage to afk him, what preparations he had made for their common exit? After fome hefitation he replied: "My friends, we have already fwallowed

death in the wine we have drank. Within an hour we are no more.' How many then will not envy our lot! Let us embrace each other, and implore the bleſſings and forgiveneſs of a Supreme Being!"

At midnight the ſervant knocked at the door, which was bolted, but receiving no anſwer, ſeeing no light, and hearing no noiſe, ſhe thought that they had all retired to bed, and did the ſame. On the next morning, however, after knocking again and calling again in vain, ſhe alarmed the neighbours, and the door was forced open. What a ſight! ten corpſes laying on the floor, disfigured by convulſions, and horrid by death. Upon the table were placed the written aſſents of Madame Vander Beulen, of her three ſons, and five daughters, together with an addreſs to his fellow-citizens, ſigned by her huſband, in which he aſſigns the motives

motives that made him prefer poiſon to poverty, certain deſtruction to a lingering and humiliating exiſtence. They were all ſecretly interred during the night, and the magiſtrates endeavoured to ſcreen this tragical event from public notice.

I have tranſlated the above particulars from a copy of the *Procés verbal*, depoſited with the municipality, but I have left out many details too dangerous and too diſguſting for inſertion. Here, as well as in many other countries, thoſe who were moſt attached to revolutionary France, and moſt fond of revolutionary tenets, have moſt ſuffered from the fallacy of their allurements.

LETTER XI.

Amsterdam, February 1804.

MY LORD,

TO inſpire their children with an averſion to drunkenneſs, the Lacedæmonians made ſeveral times in the year, their ſlaves beaſtly drunk. To expoſe the infamy of proſtitution and profligacy, Dutch parents carry frequently their ſons and daughters to public and privileged brothels, called *muſicoes* or *ſpiel* houſes. Without minutely diſcuſſing or deeply meditating on the utility or danger of ſuch exhibitions and of ſuch viſits, I am inclined to believe, that the novelty and curioſity of the ſcene, give young perſons more ſenſations of pleaſure than of pain, and produce notions in lively and ardent imaginations, the reverſe of what

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was hoped and desired. At least the widow of a Dutch banker, a lady whose gallantries are proverbial, told me that before she, at the age of fifteen, accompanied her father to a *musico*, she was innocence itself; but that from what she observed there, her mind became corrupted long before her person was seduced and debauched; that she many evenings meditated about means to get there by herself to kiss, drink and dance with the debauchees, as she had seen the female inmates do, and that she so often spoke to her mother on the subject; that she at last alarmed her: and for fear that she would chuse worse, her parents bestowed her hands on a husband, whom she neither loved nor esteemed, but of whom she willingly accepted, merely to gratify a desire, that, without that she was able to explain it, had tormented her, ever since her father had

the imprudence to bring her to the place of proſtitution.

The Dutch are ſo much prejudiced in favour of this preſervative of chaſtity, that it avails but little to attempt to diſcuſs with them on this ſubject. I dined one day laſt week, with a very rich, and of courſe very reſpectable merchant, who, after tea, propoſed me to attend his wife and daughters to the *muſico*; I took him apart and gave him my opinion, and what I had been told by a country-woman of his; in return he ſmiled at my ſimplicity, ſaying, "for three hundred years Batavian fathers have carried their daughters to theſe ſort of brothels; have Batavian mothers degenerated for it? bare-faced vice is too hideous to corrupt: it is only the vice, that aſſumes the maſk and garb of virtue that is to be ſhunned." None of his daughters were under fifteen, and none

above

above nineteen; and upon enquiry, they ſaid that they had all three been there ſeveral times before, and were always curious to go again, becauſe they pitied the poor girls expoſed to the careſſes and brutality of every new-comer. Staring and gaping at them was certainly a very novel manner of expressing pity; but from the looks of the miſſes I ſuſpect, that when talking among themſelves, ſome other motive than curioſity was held out and explained.

When I ten years ago before frequented the ſame *muſico*, all the proſtitutes were of this country, or from Germany. At preſent their number was encreaſed and recruited from the dregs of France, Brabant, Flanders and England. Theſe laſt were ſtrumpets of ſoldiers, captured from or left behind, the Anglo-Ruſſian army in 1799. They were the moſt handſome in their per-

 ſons,

ſons, though their manners were vulgar and rebuking. They ſeemed ſatisfied with their ſituation, or, as I ſuſpect, rather buried diſcontent in riot and debauchery.

You have perhaps heard or read that the ſpectators in thoſe houſes are more genteel and more numerous, than the amateurs and cuſtomers, and that every one pays entrance money here, as in going to the Dutch play. For one *florin*, (20 pence,) the price of admittance, you may order a bottle of wine, and treat any of the unfortunate females you like. They are all obliged to drink and to dance as long as they can ſtand upon their legs. The *muſicoes* are open every hour, night as well as day, but the *faſhionable* hour for the grave Dutch citizens and their families to viſit them, is about eight o'clock in the evening; they uſually continue there until midnight, walk

about

about, ſmoke and drink, hardly uttering a word. The girls are placed in two rows, to the right and to the left, in a kind of long hall, at the bottom of which ſome fidlers are ſeated in a gallery. When any amateur deſires to jump about, (dancing it cannot be called,) he nods to a woman who joins him, and an emulation of awkwardneſs is exhibited. Sometimes only one couple is dancing, other times ten or twelve, but they all evinced that they were untaught by art, and taſteleſs from nature, wanting equally judgment and grace. All the men who danced, were of the loweſt deſcription; ſoldiers, ſailors, or ſervants, many of whom were foreigners, particularly Frenchmen.

Obſerving one of the moſt modeſt looking girls rather ſorrowful, with tears in her eyes, which ſhe ſtrove to ſtop and conceal; I enquired of her the

the cauſe of her pain, ſhe replied with a great deal of *naïveté*, that ſhe was there againſt her inclination, being the daughter of a tradeſman at Coblentz, where ſhe married a French officer, who being overtaken here by a former wife from France, turned her away to ſhift for herſelf. She informed her parents of her misfortunes, but as ſhe had married againſt their conſent, they refuſed to take her back again or to ſupport her any where elſe. Thus ſituated, after parting with all her clothes, ſhe had no other refuge but a *muſico*, the common receptacle of wretchedneſs and vice. She added that ſhe would now willingly accept of a place as a ſervant, could ſhe but recover her liberty, which was almoſt impoſſible, as her debts in the houſe amounted to a ſum ſhe would never be able to pay; it being the cuſtom of the keepers to charge the poor girls many

many hundred per cent. above the value for every thing they sell them, and furnish them; and until they have acquitted all their extortions, they are, according to the laws of the country, prisoners, in the house, and cannot leave it without permission. Upon my demand whether all the other girls were in the same predicament; she answered, that all of them were more or less indebted, but having so long been accustomed to this sort of life, they were less unfortunate than herself, though they all wished and sometimes attempted to escape, notwithstanding the severe flogging inflicted on them when retaken. The number of girls in this *musico* at present was forty four, of whom she was the youngest, being only eighteen: except five others, all had passed thirty; four of the latter had been born in the house where their mothers had lived and died. Govern-

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ment receives for its protection a heavy contribution from theſe ſort of brothels, viſited twice in the week by ſurgeons, and once in the month by a municipal officer and a police commiſſary.

LETTER XII.

Amsterdam, February, 1804.

MY LORD,

I HAVE been informed by one of the magiſtrates that the Jews formed one-ſeventh of the population of the Batavian commonwealth, and one-fifth of the inhabitants of this city. The impolitic perſecution of other States, and the liberal toleration of the Government of this Country have ſettled here the ſons of Moſes, proſcribed and expelled from Spain and Portugal, or humbled, tormented, and plundered in Italy and Germany. Though moſt of them have been born here, and deſcend from forefathers who have enjoyed here the bleſſings of liberty, for centuries, the national characteriſtics and traits are ſtill viſible, and it is as eaſy

eaſy to diſtinguiſh a Jew of Portu-guese and a Spaniſh origin, from one of German extraction, as to recogniſe a Dutchman from a Frenchman.

The Jews of the different nations in Holland, intermarry ſeldomer among themſelves, than with the Chriſtians; they continue to ſpeak themſelves, and to inſtruct their children in the language of that country their anceſtors were forced to leave, and to make it as familiar to them as Dutch or Hebrew. The cauſe of this conduct is ſuperſtition as well as policy. When the King of Jeruſalem, the Saviour they are waiting for, makes his appearance upon earth, they intend to return as maſters where their fathers lived like ſlaves, and from whence they were driven away and exiled like criminals. You know that the Spaniſh and Portuguese inquiſitions compelled numbers of Jews to chooſe between faggots and

and Chriſtianity; between death and apoſtacy; and that many, therefore, externally at leaſt, profeſſed a faith they internally abhorred. With the deſcendants of theſe the Jews here ſtill keep up a regular correſpondence, and manage all their buſineſs, in which the knowledge of the language is particularly uſeful, as theſe *new* Chriſtians have been prohibited to learn Hebrew, or any other language but that ſpoken in the country.

Of the Jews here, thoſe called the German, are the pooreſt and the moſt numerous: the Spaniſh and Portugueſe Jews are the wealthieſt, and the Italian Jews the feweſt. Thoſe of the firſt and the laſt claſs, live chiefly among themſelves; but the other viſit and are viſited by Chriſtians of the firſt rank; have their aſſemblies, dinner parties, balls and routs, equally as ſplendid and well frequented as thoſe of the moſt

faſhionable

faſhionable Batavians. In October 1787, after Amſterdam had capitulated to the army under the Duke of Brunſwick, this Prince took up his reſidence in the beautiful houſe of the Portugueſe Jew Capadoce, on the Amſtel, where I have once myſelf dined in a company, of which the late Stadtholder was one of the gueſts. Several of theſe enlightened and faſhionable Jews, have, however, ſince the revolution quitted Holland, and ſettled in Pruſſia, at Hamburgh or in England. The loſs of the capitals, which they carried away with them, is ſtill ſeverely felt upon the exchanges here, where politics are oftener diſcuſſed than commercial affairs tranſacted.

Among the eighty-five thouſand inhabitants who ſubſiſt here by alms, I have heard that twenty thouſand are German Jews. As no ſectaries are more induſtrious than thoſe of the Old Teſtament,

Teſtament, this poverty is another evidence of the ſtagnation of trade here, and that moſt of the reſources for the ingenious and laborious, are exhauſted. Indeed, when perſons, ſtooping to any thing honeſt, rather than ſtarving in idleneſs, want bread, the national anarchy or penury muſt be greater than ſuppoſed abroad. When a State wants means to procure activity and honeſty employment, its ruin cannot be diſtant. It has no right to puniſh for crimes thoſe citizens, whom neceſſity, and not vice, has made criminals.

In a literary ſociety here, I made acquaintance with a Jew Rabbin of extenſive knowledge and liberal ſentiments; like myſelf he is a foreigner here, and like myſelf he has travelled over all Europe, and a part of America, Aſia and Africa. Our converſation reſpecting the countries we had viſited, has formed between us a kind of intimacy, with which I am much pleaſed. Though

reſerved

reſerved at firſt, he now looks upon me, as what he boaſts himſelf to be, a citizen of the world, and therefore ſpeaks without diſguiſe. From him I have learned things and occurrences which prove the univerſality of the revolutionary ſpirit of our days, which inſtead of being governed by the chiefs of our revolution, influences and often even dictates to them. Were a ſerious inſurrection to break out in the Pruſſian monarchy, though in alliance with our government, Buonaparte would be obliged indirectly to ſupport the revolutioniſts of Pruſſia, for fear of extinguiſhing the revolutionary ſpirit in France, to which alone he is indebted for his ſupremacy, and which muſt expire with it. The inſtant France ceaſes to be in a ſtate of revolution, legitimate monarchy will be reſtored, and ſhe will be the ſaviour of civilized ſociety as ſoon as ſhe is no longer the

focus

focus of anarchy, and the rallying point of revolutionifts. With this truth Buonaparte is unfortunately too well acquainted, and therefore acts, intrigues and governs, accordingly. But Europe is not the only part of the world threatened with a general overthrow. If I can believe the Rabbin, without the present conteft between France and England, both Afia, Africa, and America would already have been in flames. Combuftibles were collected, the mine loaded, and the matches lighted, when the difference between the cabinets of St. Cloud and St. James, prevented an explofion deferred but not relinquifhed. Political incendiaries are ftill bufy in China as well as in Egypt, in the vicinity of Conftantinople as well as on the frontiers of Mexico.

This Rabbin alfo told me an anecdote, which fhews that revolutionary rulers

rulers are as greedy after wealth, as ambitious after power, and often make the latter an inftrument to feize the former.

When in the fpring of 1798, Buonaparte was preparing for his expedition to Egypt, French emiffaries vifited the richeft and principal Jews in Holland, Italy, Germany and England, and offered, for certain fums of money, to re-eftablifh the Jewifh nation in Paleftine, and to fortify and garrifon Jerufalem, in the name of, and for a King of the Jews, felected by themfelves. It was even hinted, that if their choice fell on Buonaparte, he had no objection to circumcifion, or to abrogate Chriftianity. According to thefe propofals a large fum was fubfcribed, collected and prefented to Buonaparte. A committee of wife and wealthy Jews was organized and permitted to fit and deliberate at Paris.

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An addreſs to all the Jews of Europe was already printed, inviting them to prepare with their families and treaſures to ſail for the Holy Land, when the repulſe Buonaparte experienced from Sir Sidney Smith, before St. Jean d'Acre, prevented the publication. The members of this committee continued however ſtill at Paris until the peace of Amiens, when, not to give ſuſpicion to England, Ruſſia, and Turkey, they ſeparated, but were inſtructed to meet ſecretly again at Marſeilles, where they have been negociating, deliberating, and impoſing contributions on their ſectaries ever ſince, always in hope of returning to the land of promiſe; a hope which Buonaparte and Talleyrand ſtill keep up, and which has converted even the many Jews in the States of Barbary to proſelytes of our revolutionary politics, and adherents to our revolutionary government. The Rab-

bin

bin aſſured me, that he had been the ſecretary to this committee until the ſummer 1802, when he reſigned to accompany Sebaſtiani on his miſſion to Egypt and Syria. He ſeemed not to poſſeſs much confidence in Buonaparte's aſſurances, nor deſire to become a ſubject of a King of Jeruſalem.

LETTER XIII.

Amsterdam, February, 1804.

MY LORD,

THE garrifon of this city feldom exceeded, formerly, three thoufand men; at prefent ten thoufand men are hardly fufficient to keep in order a population reduced to beggary and defpair. Of the troops here two-thirds are Frenchmen quartered on the citizens, who endure with patience the inconvenience of harbouring fuch troublefome guefts, for fear that without them the mob would raife, plunder, and opprefs. Indeed you cannot walk in the ftreets, enter a coffee-houfe, or vifit a citizen, without hearing curfes againft the revolution, complaints of fufferings, and a deteftation of the foreigners, who have brought on

on them all these evils. But as things now are, these very foreigners alone prevent still greater evils. Were the Batavians now left to themselves, violent as party animosity is, no body knows to what horrid excesses misery and revenge would carry them.

To take advantage of this painful situation, and to inflict new wounds on those already so cruelly treated, is both ungenerous and infamous. I have been told, that our commanders and officers here, as well as every where else, in this republic, impede justice, sell protection, sacrifice innocence on the altar of cupidity, and for gold save guilt from the hands of the executioner.

An Irish adventurer of the name of Cane, who by turn, had been an united Irishman at Dublin, a loyalist in London, a rebel at Paris, and a patriot at Hamburgh, settled here as a merchant

in

in 1798. Unprincipled but audacious, felfifh but infinuating, with fome talents, but more impudence, he fucceeded to dupe a refpectable body of merchants to enter with him into a commercial fcheme, from which he promifed them the greateft profit. He had contrived fo, that the iffue of the firft fpeculations muft be advantageous, which increafed the confidence of his affociates fo much that they doubled their capitals entrufted to him. Under pretence of a journey on bufinefs to Rotterdam, he left this city, after having previoufly difpatched for Hamburgh, in cafh and bills of exchange, one hundred and fifty thoufand florins, 12,000*l.* He had fitted up a large houfe, and an extenfive counting houfe, where he had engaged and employed ten clerks. One of thefe, abfent on leave with a friend near Deventer, happened to return fooner than was ex-

 pected,

pected, and met his master on the road to Germany, without being seen by him. Relating this circumstance to one of the associates, the others were convoked, and it was resolved to break open the closet, where the bills and cash were usually kept. It was found empty, and upon their request a State messenger was sent after the fugitive, and overtook him near Zwoll, but his ill-gotten treasures were already safe on the other side of the Batavian frontiers. Tried and convicted of thieving and swindling, he was sentenced to four hours exposition on the pillory, after being flogged, and burnt with a hot iron by the hands of the public hangman. He was afterwards to pass seven years in hard labour in the house of correction.

By a douceur of one thousand ducats he convinced the then general in chief here, Brune, of his innocence, and

and a hint was given by this officer to the judges, that they muſt not attempt to carry the ſentence into execution. They continued nevertheleſs inflexible, and a day was fixed for puniſhing the culprit. On the eve of that day an order ſigned "Brune," commanded the gaoler to deliver up Cane to the bearers, four genſdarmes, who were to eſcort him to Paris, where he was accuſed of a State crime. No ſooner had they, however, arrived in France, than, according to their ſecret inſtructions, they releaſed the priſoner, who went to Paris, laughed at his Dutch dupes, bought a houſe, took a miſtreſs, gave dinners, and met with ſtill greater rogues than himſelf, who after ruining him by gambling, adviſed him to enliſt in Buonaparte's Engliſh Guides, in which ſituation, the perſon who narrated this anecdote to me, ſaw him laſt November.

A ſtill more cruel and infamous act has been perpetrated here, by the order of another of our commanders, general Augereau. A young Dutchman, of the name of Gullickee, was on the eve of marrying a beautiful and rich heireſs, daughter of a banker of this city. The banns had already been publiſhed once, when a friend of Augereau's, another of our Generals, of the name of Dutertre, happened to ſee her, and hear of her fortune. He immediately wrote to Gullickee to deſiſt from his purſuit, or to fight him. Not knowing him, nor having given him any offence, the Dutchman declined the combat, but continued his addreſſes to his miſtreſs, who to avoid ſeeing Dutertre, went into the country. Augereau in the mean time called on the mother, (the father being dead) telling her *with the frankneſs of a ſoldier*, that ſhe *muſt* give her daughter

ter to his friend. The lady having declined the *honour* of ſuch an alliance, Augereau made her underſtand that he had *irreſiſtible* means to break off the intended match with Gullickee, as well as to compel her to obedience.

The Dutchman had formerly ſerved as a lieutenant in the Colonial troops, but ſince the revolution, he had thrown up his commiſſion without leaving his country. Augereau ordered him neverthelefs to be arreſted as an adherent of the Prince of Orange and as a Dutch emigrant; and a military commiſſion was inſtructed to try him for thoſe crimes. As might be expected, his mock trial did not laſt long before he was convicted and ſent to be ſhot.

While Augereau was thus buſy, Dutertre was not idle. Attended by ſome French huſſars, he ſurrounded, the ſame night Gullickee was arreſted, the

country houſe where his miſtreſs had retired, broke open the doors and carried off his victim, to whom he forced a Dutch prieſt to marry him the next morning. After the ceremony was over, he carried the unfortunate bride, more dead than alive to her mother's houſe. This lady was then mourning for Gullickee, of whoſe untimely end ſhe had juſt been informed. At the ſight of her pale and trembling child in ſuch a company, ſhe fainted away, and during the few hours ſhe lived, never uttered a word. Dutertre after ſeizing the riches of his bride, whom ſo many misfortunes had entirely ſtupified, left her in the fifth month of her pregnancy, to join a wife he had in France. Shortly afterwards a miſcarriage and death put an end to her miſery. From a couſin of her's I heard this ſhocking detail.

This is the ſame Dutertre, who af-

ter being condemned to the galleys for robberies, was in 1797 releafed by director Barras, and affifted Augereau in the cruelties inflicted on Pichegru, and other reprefentatives of the people after the revolution of the 18th Fructidor or 4th of September 1797. He is at prefent a commander of the legion of honor.

LETTER XIV.

Amsterdam, February, 1804.

MY LORD,

BESIDES a national Dutch theatre, and the French fubfcription theatre, ftrolling parties of Frenchmen and Germans often give here operas, concerts, and fome reprefentations of plays or farces, popular in their refpective countries. The Dutch, in proportion as they grow poor, feem more anxious to grafp after pleafures. All the theatres are well frequented, and the audience is more compofed of people of the middle and inferior claffes, than of thofe of their fuperiors. Having now, thanks to the revolution! no bufinefs to occupy them at home, they refort to diffipation abroad, and attempt

tempt at ſhows to purchaſe ſome hours forgetfulneſs of their troubles.

After reſiding four weeks at the inn called "the Arms of Amſterdam," I took private lodgings in the houſe of a linen draper, a ſober and induſtrious man, and father of four young children, deſerted by their unnatural mother, who had eloped with a former lodger, a French officer of artillery. He told me a mournful tale of the times. His commerce was chiefly carried on with Portugal and Spain, but ſince the revolution, and the war with England, ſome inland trade was his principal occupation. His loſſes within ten years, he calculated at fifty thouſand florins, 4000 pounds, half his capital; of the remainder part of which he paid, annually, four per cent. to the ſtate, beſides twenty per cent. of his total income. He too had been a patriot, and he too deplored, with tears in his

 eyes,

eyes, his folly. He aſſured me that his father, and grandfather, who, during thirty-ſix years, had been in the ſame line with himſelf, had not paid the half of theſe contributions extorted from him within ſix years. Aſking him what had become of his wife ſince her elopement, he replied, "you may ſee her every night at the theatres with her ſeducer, who has threatened to cut my throat, ſhould I ever try to get her back again. As long as Frenchmen govern the laws of Holland, our other poor and injured citizens have nothing to do, but to ſigh, pay, and comply with their commands." He owned that previouſly to 1787, he had been one of the moſt inveterate enemies of the Houſe of Orange; had moved for addreſſes, and procured votes and ſignatures to reſolutions againſt the ſtadtholder and his miniſters, inſulting, illiberal, and unjuſt; but, ſaid he with a groan,

groan, though the Prince of Orange is no longer in Holland, he is much happier than his former perſecutors remaining behind. Should ever a counter-revolution take place, this prince will find his beſt and moſt diſintereſted friends among thoſe miſled citizens who, ſome years back, were his moſt violent perſecutors and oppoſers. In a country and among a people accuſtomed to order and regularity, ſome few months of French fraternity are ſufficient to cure them of their mania of innovations and reform, of diſcontent and of diſaffection.

I happened one morning to ſee a perſon with my landlord, who, he told me, was his brother in law, and a much greater ſufferer from the revolution than himſelf. He was in 1794 one of the firſt jewellers of this city, worth ſeveral millions of florins, but is now reduced to the humble poſt of a letter

carrier. In 1787 he had been a colonel of a regiment of burgher volunteers, a ſtation he reaſſumed in January 1795, when the French army approached this city, and was among thoſe who went out to meet and compliment, what they fooliſhly thought and called their DELIVERERS. But theſe DELIVERERS, inſtead of caſh, brought with them *aſſignats*, and one day when this colonel-jeweller was upon duty, ſome citizen-ſoldiers, and ſoldier-citizens, went into his warehouſes, which they emptied, paying for their contents in *aſſignats*, then almoſt of no value whatever. Four hours of French fraternity reduced one of the wealthieſt citizens to beggary, and though he produced certificates of years of patriotiſm, of his partiality to France and enmity to the ſtadtholder and England, not a trinket, not a tea-ſpoon was reſtored to him. Thus ſituated, his creditors fell on him at

at once; and being unable to satisfy their demands, he became a bankrupt, and was turned out of the regiment by those very French brothers, who had so infamously pillaged his property and occasioned his ruin. These misfortunes deprived his wife of her reason, and his mother of her life, dying broken-hearted. His only child, a son of seventeen, in despair put an end to his existence. After being supported during three years by the charity of my landlord, he at last, with great difficulty obtained a place, which merely prevents him from starving.

LETTER

LETTER XV.

Amsterdam, February, 1804.

MY LORD,

ALTHOUGH every thing is much dearer than formerly in this city, you live here for much lefs than you do at Bremen and at Hamburgh. When I lodged in the inn, "the Arms of Amfterdam," I paid a florin, (twenty-pence,) a day for my lodgings, half a florin for my breakfaft, a florin and a half for my dinner, including a pint of wine, and when I fupped, a florin, with wine. The expences of my fervant amounted to one-third of my own. In my prefent lodgings I pay a ducat, (nine fhillings and fix-pence,) in the week, for three rooms for myfelf and a garret for my man; and my breakfaft does not coft me half what I was

was charged in the Inn. When not engaged, I frequent the ordinaries of different inns and hotels, (the cuſtomary manner of dining here,) and get every where a dinner of two courſes and deſert, with wine, for a florin and a half. In the north of Germany I paid nearly double for board as well as for lodgings, and was not half ſo well accommodated.

A diſgraceful and humiliating cuſtom prevails both here and at Hamburgh, and in Denmark and Sweden. A pretended hoſpitality is a real meanneſs. You are laid under contribution in every houſe where you dine, and every where you are invited, either in town or in the country. With the conſent of their maſters, the ſervants have a fixed price for every meal you eat, and for every day you paſs under the roof where they attend you. If you once neglect, forget, or do not

choofe

choose to submit to these extortions, the next time you appear, you may be sure of being slighted, if not insulted. The common present the servants expect from you is a florin for a dinner or supper, and two florins a day when a lodger or a visitor. I am told, but I can hardly believe it, that some masters and mistresses share with their servants those salaries of illiberality, while others oblige them to provide their houses with cards, wax candles, refreshments, &c. from what they are begging at the door. In Holland, as well as in the north, the servants are like spies, watching the visitors, and when they are going away stretch out their hand in opening the door, and with a significant look, hint the remembrance of the tribute.

I passed lately almost a fortnight with a friend at his country house near Harlem. He has retired from business,

and

and enjoys the *otium cum dignitate*, and expects, advanced as he is in the vale of years, with philosophical resignation, the orders of the supreme commander in chief, to yield up his station, and to remove to a place from which no travellers return. He is an old bachelor, and has for house-keepers and companions an amiable sister, the widow of a general, and her four lovely daughters. Here all becoming liberty reigns, and if the guests are not comfortable, they must be very difficult indeed. He has travelled over all Europe, and when he any where met with an agreeable man, without enquiring into his character or circumstances, he always invited him to his cottage near Harlem, which by the by, is one of the most tasteful and largest country-houses in the Batavian republic. The consequence of these general, and, as his sister will have it, indiscreet invita-

invitations, has been, that he never wanted lively and pleasant companions, and if some have not done much honour to their host, or shown much delicacy with regard to his purse, they have all, unexpectedly happy themselves, really amused and entertained the company. No man is more ready to contribute his share of mirth and of gratitude, than the wretch whom misfortunes, vice, or imprudence has made a kind of outcast of society. He is so seldom noticed, and therefore feels so much the more strongly when any kindness is offered him. Should any grains of virtue remain in his bosom, (and in what bosom are not some fostered and thriving ?), he will pay a double tribute of gratitude for any attention experienced, or for any notice taken of him. He may perhaps, by necessity be reduced to borrow some trifling sum, which he knows himself unable

unable to repay, but this is nothing but a contribution, which in all claſſes of ſociety the unfortunate more or leſs impoſe on the generous and proſperous. What I have ſaid here, regards only perſons, whoſe birth or education miſery may obſcure, but can never entirely eradicate.

I have been induced to make the above remarks by the character drawn by my friend of a kind of genteel adventurer, who had paſſed here with him near thirty years, and who died laſt week, without diſcovering or leaving any papers behind him to evince who he really was.

During my friend's travels in Poland, he happened one day to dine at an ordinary by the ſide of a perſon, whoſe dreſs did not beſpeak affluence, but whoſe manners and converſation indicated that he had ſeen better days, and been intended for a different life.

He

He called himſelf Baron d'H——, a Swediſh nobleman, whom an affair of honour had exiled from his own country. He ſaid that he was going to Warſaw, in hopes to enter into the ſervice of the king and republic of Poland; and as my friend was travelling the ſame way, he offered the ſtranger a place in his carriage, which after ſome excuſes was at laſt accepted. A man leſs penetrating than my friend might have perceived the combat between pride and poverty which tormented the boſom and diſtracted the ſoul of his companion, whom he, with his uſual delicacy, ſoon ſet at eaſe, by informing him that he was a Dutch capitaliſt, travelling more for pleaſure than for buſineſs, and to whom therefore the additional expences of a ſecond perſon were of little conſideration; but as he did not wiſh to hurt his feelings, he would leave him at full

liberty

liberty to repay them whenever it was convenient to him.

At Warſaw Baron d'H—— attained the rank of a lieutenant-colonel in one of the provincial regiments, and returned with gratitude what my friend had laid out on the road. He promiſed alſo to keep up a correſpondence with a gentleman, to whom he conſidered himſelf much obliged. He even wrote ſeveral letters; but the troubles of Poland and the diſſolution of the Poliſh army, made Baron d'H—— quit that country, and embark at Dantzig, in a Dutch ſhip deſtined for this city, in hopes that the patronage of my friend might procure him ſome military poſt, in the Batavian colonies. He was not diſappointed; my friend preſented him with the commiſſion of a colonelcy of one of the regiments in Batavia, and fitted him out, and recommended him in a manner, that his

ſituation

ſituation might be comfortable. He had however the misfortune to be ſhip-wrecked on the coaſt of France, and to loſe every thing he carried with him. No ſooner was this accident known to my friend, than a remittance gave him means to return to Holland, and he once more inhabited the manſion of diſintereſted hoſpitality. What not often is the caſe with the diſtreſſed, he gained by being known, and my friend offered him an annuity of twelve hundred florins, and his houſe for his home, if he thought it would make him happy to paſs his days in obſcurity indeed, but in the boſom of friendſhip. To this he aſſented, upon condition of being at perfect liberty to retire, ſhould he ever find that he was not treated like a gentleman, and that ſhould he ſurvive a relation, of whom he was the heir, my friend ſhould permit him to repay with intereſt all ready

money-

money presented or lent him. These points settled, he became an inmate, and during thirty years lived with my friend, the same agreeable and inoffensive companion as the first day of their acquaintance. He had read a great deal, and seen much of the world; his conversation was therefore both amusing and instructive, and as far as it lay in his power he returned in kind any civility or kindness shewn him. He was usually chearful and in good spirits; but a gloom always spread over his countenance as soon as any question was made about his family and earlier days, and he always tried in as delicate a manner as possible to change the subject of enquiry or conversation. Even upon his death bed he was reserved, and wished to avoid all remarks concerning himself and his relations. Some few hours before he expired, he sent for my friend, and said: "my kind benefactor,

benefactor, you do not know what great and undeserved wretchedness you have relieved in my person so many years; it grieves me to die without communicating to you the secret of my life; but it does not belong to me alone; you are too generous to think me ungrateful. I can only say, that the error of a moment has caused me a life of misery, which I in vain tried to finish in combats; bullets spared a heart, almost broken by great and uncommon sufferings. My nearest relative is not unacquainted with my obligations to you, or with your liberality towards me. Should she live a little longer, your pecuniary advances will be acquitted, and the mystery of my life revealed. You will then be convinced that I was never unworthy of your friendship." Does ever guilt resign existence so calmly?

To

To Judge of Baron d'H——'s laſt moments, as my friend ſaid, he dreaded no avenger, but ſeemed to fly with hope, fortitude, and confidence towards the boſom of a tender parent.

LETTER XVI.

Amsterdam, February, 1804.

MY LORD,

THE arrival of ſeveral couriers from Paris, has cauſed here the greateſt conſternation, and nothing is ſpoken of but the diſcovery of a pretended conſpiracy, and the arreſt of Pichegru and Moreau. It is reported that Buonaparte has inſiſted upon the ſeizure of ſeveral Batavian citizens and foreign travellers, now in this republic, as implicated with the priſoners in France, and to have them all delivered up to be tried by his laws and by his judges. Theſe facts, and theſe rumours evince, both his own terror, and his own tyranny, the inſtability of his uſurpation, and the conviction he poſſeſſes of the readineſs and

and defire of his flaves to break on his head the heavy fetters he has impofed upon them.

Of all the French revolutionary generals, who have fo dreadfully figured upon the revolutionary ftage, Pichegru is the only one whofe hands are unftained with blood and unfullied by plunder; who when marching between victory and the guillotine, threatened by jacobinical blood hounds and denounced by fanguinary anarchifts, protected innocence, difplayed generofity to the vanquifhed, and humanity to the profcribed, who always fhewed himfelf a valiant warrior, but never, like moft of his contemporaries, defcended to become a daftardly affaffin. This unfortunate general is adored in the Batavian commonwealth, a voluntary tribute of gratitude, which feldom before has been paid by a fubjugated people to their conqueror.

 When

When Pichegru dictated the destiny of Holland, that republic was the richest state of the European continent. It surrendered almost without any capitulation and at discretion, and he was the master of the immense treasure, hoarded by ages, of what commercial prosperity had gained for centuries, of the gold and diamonds India had given in exchange for European industry and European commodities during three hundred years; but never since the revolution have Batavian citizens been less oppressed, nor Batavian property more respected and safe, than during the period of Pichegru's command. Though courted by all factions and offered rank and wealth by all parties, his modesty was equal to his disinterestedness; he left Holland a simple citizen, and as poor as he had entered it. Even the annuity of twelve thousand florins, (1100l.) decreed to him

him by the Batavian national convention, he declined; well convinced, that before Holland had ſatisfied the greedineſs and extortions of French revolutionary rulers and the claims of French fraternity, they would not have much money left to reward heroiſm and liberality. What a contraſt between the conduct of the victors of Holland and of Italy? and the one ſuffers in a dungeon, while the other ſways a ſceptre on a throne!!!

Among my acquaintances here,. is the widow of a Burgomaſter, in whoſe houſe Pichegru lodged during his reſidence in this city. No ſooner did ſhe hear of his arreſt than ſhe ſent for me, to conſult on the beſt means of ſerving or ſaving him, in his preſent perilous ſituation; ſhe told me that ſhe was ready to ſacrifice half her fortune, and to carry it with her in good bills on Paris, for which city ſhe was deter-

 mined

mined to set out. With much difficulty was I able to convince her, how little all her individual efforts would avail against enmity and rivalry in power, and of the danger as well as of the imprudence of a journey to France. I could not, however, prevail on her to desist from going to the Hague, there, by her connections, to influence the government to petition for her favorite, and by her riches, to purchase the recommendation and well wishes of Buonaparte's ambassador. Were not this lady past threescore, I should be apt to think the warmth with which she interests herself for Pichegru, the revived affection for a lover; but I am now persuaded, that gratitude, the consequence of the love of her country and of the generosity of its conqueror, are the sole and pure motives of all her friendship, and all her anxiety. She esteems the good citizen, she admires the

the humane general, but all other ſentiments are out of the queſtion.

Another lady, a relative of the friend of Pichegru, would not, I dare ſay, be quite ſo uneaſy were another ex-commander of Holland, General Brune, in equal danger. She is alſo a rich widow, but from the beginning of the revolution ſhe abhorred its principles and dreaded their fatal effects. She looks upon Great Britain, as the only barrier againſt the revolutionary current, and the ſole dike againſt an univerſal devaſtation; and while her own country, from its preſent weakneſs, and from the preſent anarchy in the political ſyſtem of Europe, muſt be under the guidance of foreigners, ſhe prefers the preſervers of civilized ſociety to its deſtroyers, and therefore wiſhes rather to ſee the loyal Engliſh than the revolutionary French, maſters of Holland.

According to these notions, which she does not conceal, it is not surprising that she rejoiced at the first progress of the Anglo-Russian army, in 1799, and that she, with other sufferers from the present order of things, believed what flattered their feelings, and expected to be soon delivered of their troublesome Gallic guests.

Her house, in this city, is one of the largest and most commodious; this she fitted out in a very splendid and tasteful way, in hopes that it would be honoured with the residence of the Duke of York. She is also the mother of four beautiful children under sixteen; an English master was hired to instruct them how to pronounce becomingly and gracefully, some verses written purposely to compliment the royal British commander on his victorious entry into Amsterdam. When, from causes foreign to be discussed, or detailed

detailed in a letter, a convention for the evacuation of the Batavian republic by the Anglo-Ruſſian army had been ſigned with General Brune, this officer, informed of her pretended Anglomania, not only put her houſe in requiſition for himſelf, as his head quarters, but forced her to engage a French language maſter to teach her children a poem he had compoſed himſelf in praiſe of his own achievements, and to addreſs it to him at a fête given by the muncipality of this city.

But this was not his only revenge. When he was ready to return to France, he laid the lady under a patriotic donation of ſixty thouſand florins for avoiding being tried for conſpiracy againſt the republic, and ſold all the new furniture of her houſe, under pretence of diſtributing the amount among the widows and orphans of the officers and ſoldiers killed during the late invaſion

invaſion. Both theſe ſums he put, however, in his own pocket, together with half a million of florins more, extorted from other rich individuals, whom he accuſed of having plotted to reſtore the government of a Stadtholder. But in revolutionary countries, pillage, oppreſſion, and peculation are ſo common, that they are hardly noticed, ſeldom complained of, and if complained of, reparation or reſtoration is never obtained.

LETTER

LETTER XVII.

Amsterdam, March, 1804.

MY LORD,

THE old reſpectable merchants of Dutch houſes murmur much at the ſlur thrown on the character of Batavian traders, by the numerous foreign adventurers, particularly from France, who have ſettled here ſince the revolution, and by their fraudulent dealings, take in and injure merchants of other countries. Ten years ago not above ſix French houſes, of any conſequence, were eſtabliſhed here; at preſent, when all commerce is nearly annihilated, they amount to upwards of ſixty, all pretending to poſſeſs great capitals, unimpaired credit and extenſive connections. Their train of life correſponds with their aſſertions; their

extravagance, their immorality, their profligacy, and their bad example, fcandalife but few; but they feduce many, and ruin often all thofe on whom their impudence and expence impofe. Of the many failures of late, if you look at the names of the bankrupts, or make inquiry of what country they are natives, you will fee and learn, that two-thirds of them are of the above defcription, or aliens of this republic. Should thefe *legal* and commercial fwindlers, fome years longer infeft this ftate, and under the name of Amfterdam or Rotterdam merchants, commit depredations on the Germans, Spaniards, Italians, Englifh, and Americans, the Hollanders, like the French, will intirely fink as a commercial people, and in their tranfactions, fuffer from a want of confidence, owing chiefly to thefe dangerous intruders. It is, however, faid, that the Batavian Govern-

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ment has in meditation to publiſh a law, which will reſtrain foreigners from eſtabliſhing themſelves ſo eaſily as they have hitherto done. This law, report ſays, is already referred to a committee of Batavian merchants for their opinions or remarks. But without mentioning the difficulty, if not the impoſſibility, in a commercial ſtate to introduce innovations which cannot but be frequently troubleſome to the honeſt dealers; as long as the Batavian republic groans under a foreign deſpotiſm, its laws and regulations are of no validity, and can never be obſerved. A *fiat* of Buonaparte, of his miniſters, or of his generals, will inſtantly ſilence, alter or deſtroy the wiſeſt laws and moſt patriotic reſolutions. The only remedy real Dutch merchants can reſort to, is to have nothing to do themſelves with theſe foreign interlopers, and to warn their correſpondents of other countries

countries againſt the artifices and machinations uſually practiſed by them.

I was told the names of two young men, (which in conſideration of their families, I will conceal,) who arrived here four years ago, ſtrongly recommended by ſome of the firſt banking houſes at Paris. They pretended to have great influence with our government, and on ſome occaſions, proved that they were not unconnected with our men in place, by procuring Batavian creditors, for a certain conſideration, their demands and dues in France, Encouraged by theſe ſucceſſes, they opened a commercial, banking and *negociating* office, and during twelve months behaved honourably and prudently. They were ſuppoſed to have in a fair manner gained upwards of one hundred thouſand florins during that period; but to the ſurprize of every body

body here, one day, when ſome of their bills in circulation were due, they had decamped, carrying with them not only their books, the money of their creditors, but ſeveral valuables in diamonds depoſited with them to be ſold on commiſſion. The debts they left behind them exceeded two millions of florins, not to mention the ſums, of which they had defrauded many Dutch claimants, in France, whoſe papers and contracts had been aſſigned over to them. One of them is ſaid to be the ſecretary of Louis Buonaparte, and the other has married a niece of General Murat; thus protected, they have not heſitated to employ their ill-gotten treaſures in the purchaſe of national eſtates. Some of their creditors have followed them to Paris, and even preſented a petition againſt them to the Firſt Conſul, but after being laughed at and threatened, two of the moſt tenacious

cious were taken up by the police and carried out of the country under efcort of gens d' arms; they were alfo, under pain of death, prohibited ever to re-enter the French territory. This meafure of rigour and terror frightened away within fome few days all other perfons who had fuffered from their frauds. It muft be allowed that this way of paying debts is both expeditious and efficacious, but it has never been heard of before the revolution. Since that aera our different governments have more than once imprifoned, tranfported, and even fhot troublefome ftate creditors, or thofe from whom their members individually had borrowed money.

LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

Amsterdam, March 1804.

MY LORD,

WE have of late had fome unufually fine days for the feafon, and the coffee and wine houfes round the city have been crowded with cuftomers. Curiofity made me vifit many of them; I found them, nearly as formerly, except that, like all other places of entertainment and pleafure, they had augmented in number. The guefts, though not fo neat and clean as formerly, at leaft the female part, feemed more to enjoy their excurfions from home, and were more gay, becaufe, as I have reafon to fuppofe, they were more poor, than when I faw them ten years ago. As ufual they drank tea, coffee, and wine by the fide of huf-bands,

bands, fathers, coufins or friends, who as ufual, perfumed them with their inceffant fmoaking. The prices of every thing confumed here, notwithftanding the great increafe of taxes, had but little varied. You may yet get a bottle of wine for twelve *ftivers*, one fhilling, tea for ten pence, and coffee for eightpence, including bread and butter. It is alfo true, that every thing with which you are ferved, is of the worft quality, compared to what you obtain in the good inns of the city.

I was accompanied in my walk by the wife of a friend, a young lady from Antwerp, who had only been married a fortnight. In our rambles from place to place, the evening paffed away, and we forgot, that at a certain hour, the gates are fhut, and, on no account whatever, opened again before the next morning. When we were within fome few yards of the Leyden

gate,

gate; the draw-bridge was lifted up, and we remained on the wrong ſide. I ſent my ſervant, who fortunately was with us, to find ſome boat to carry us over the ditch into the city, but all in vain. My young companion, at first, was very much alarmed, and even cried; but after ſome minutes, her good humour returned, and I diſpatched my ſervant to look for ſome good accommodation for us during the night; after near an hour's abſence he joined us, without having met with ſucceſs. This did not trouble me, as I ſuppoſed that the people of the coffee houſe where we had taken tea, would at leaſt ſpare a bed to my female companion. I was however miſtaken; they even anſwered rudely to my requeſt, and in nine other coffee houſes I was equally diſappointed; no where would they even permit us to paſs the night upon chairs in a warm room, though

though I offered to pay them according to their demands, even before hand. Not to be expofed to the cold and damp night air, I ordered a fupper in one of thefe inhofpitable dwellings, and in the mean time fent my fervant again to try what money would do, permitting him even to offer two ducats for a fingle bed. Before our fupper was over he came back followed by an honeft German miller, who faid that he had a fpare bed for the lady, and a good fire-fide for me and my man, to which we were heartily welcome, leaving to our own generofity, to reward him as we thought proper.

No fooner did our hoft hear that we were at leaft certain not to pass the night in open air, than he faid, "if the lady has not yet had the fmall pox, I advife her not to enter the houfe of the miller, who laft week loft two of his children from that difeafe; and as

I obferve

I obſerve you Sir, to be liberal, (I had given the miller two ducats,) I ſhall give both you and the lady better beds, than you can ſleep in even in Amſterdam. Obſerving rather a reluctance in my friend to go to the miller's, I accepted of the offer, and after I had viſited her bed room, and ſeen every thing right, ſhe went to bed.

When alone with the landlord, I aſked him what could induce him to behave in ſuch an indelicate and ungerous manner as he had firſt done; "I ſhall tell you the truth, Sir," ſaid he, "many perſons cauſe themſelves purpoſely to be locked out with ladies they like, and they never pay us leſs than a ducat a bed to paſs the night under our roof. As I ſuſpected you to be a Frenchman, I did not expect that you had ſo much money to ſpare, or if you had it, that you would have parted with it; beſides, I lodged once a French

a French commiſſary with a lady, who paid me my full demand indeed, but on the next morning he came again, attended with ſeven ſoldiers and two carts, and put in requiſition, and carried away three of my beſt beds, as he ſaid, for the uſe of the army hoſpitals. After ſuch a treatment, you cannot be angry, if I am reluctant to harbour perſons of your country. The ſame tricks have been played on all my neighbours." "But how do know," ſaid I, in my turn, "whether I am not alſo a French commiſſary, and may act in the ſame manner?" "No, Sir," replied he, "before I offered to lodge you, I enquired of your ſervant who you were, and was ſatisfied that you are a Brabant gentleman; had I thought you a Frenchman, you might have paſſed your night on the high road, on the canal, or in the ditch, but never ſhould you have paſſed it in my houſe."

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What reflections do not the occurrences of this single evening occasion. The impunity and audacity of revolutionary banditti, not only inspire suspicion and mistrust, but make people unjust, unfeeling and inhospitable. Innocent and honest persons, are in consequence exposed to contempt, to sufferings and to harsh treatment. Their reputations, as well as their lives are endangered, because infamy has deceived cupidity, and duplicity overreached meanness. Can posterity believe such acts and such actions possible? Yes! I apprehend that our grand children will be worse off than their grandfathers were, and therefore envy as morality what we detest as enormity. It is with revolutions, as with old age; maturity and decrepitude do not diminish the seeds of early depravities, early vices and early crimes.

At

At ſix o'clock in the morning, the gates were firſt opened, but we had already been waiting to enter the city for forty minutes. The carriage of the lady's huſband met us on the bridge. My friend laughed heartily at our adventure, and had, when he did not ſee us home in time, inſtantly gueſſed the cauſe of our abſence.

LETTER

LETTER XIX.

Amsterdam, March, 1804.

MY LORD,

I HAVE often during my ſtay here frequented the moſt faſhionable and popular coffee-houſes; not from idleneſs or from want of better ſociety, but merely to try to diſcover whether the revolution has produced the ſame alterations with regard to coffee-houſe politicians as with regard to the mercantile *patriots* and *patriotic* merchants. The new French coffee-houſe in Calve's ſtreet was ten years ago a place of debate and altercation between the emigrants, the victims of the revolution, and the ſtaunch Dutch republican, who from a revolution expected that imaginary equality, of which he accuſed a Stadtholder to

have deprived him; it was then the moſt noiſy place of Amſterdam, nay of Holland. When I now for the firſt time ſat down there, I looked round me to reconnoitre it, ſuppoſing, from the mournful ſilence that reigned round me, that I was miſtaken, and had ſtept into a church inſtead of a coffee-houſe. But round the ſame tables I ſtill remarked moſt of the ſame cuſtomers; the ſame landlord ſmiled at me, and the ſame waiter attended on me. For ſeveral days hardly any perſon noticed me; ſome ſeemed however to regard me in a manner as to ſay, you are an old acquaintance, but who you are we do not remember, but no one ſpoke a word to me. Tired of this ſingular reſerve, and curious to know the cauſe of it, I addreſſed myſelf to a perſonage, whom I perfectly recollected, who pretended to have been a muſketeer under Louis XVI. but who was a revolu-

tioniſt

tioniſt and language-maſter when I ſaw him the laſt time. "Pray Citizen," ſaid I, "is not your name Berger?" ---"Yes Citizen it is, at your ſervice. I believe that I had the honour of ſeeing you ſome where."---"In this very coffee-houſe, where I more than once have admired your eloquence and patriotiſm."---"Do not ſpeak ſo loud Citizen! times are of late much changed."---"Changed indeed! but for the better for citizens of your ſentiments."---"You think ſo, (taking me by the hand to a window, and whiſpering) but you are egregiouſly miſtaken. We dare no longer expreſs our opinions here, becauſe we are ſurrounded with ſpies, and run the riſk of being tranſported or ſhot."---"A Citizen of your known patriotiſm!"--"Yes! yes! I ſpeak from conviction and experience; I have endured ten months impriſonment for my zeal in the cauſe

 of

of liberty and equality."---"Is it poſſible?"---"Yes! not only I, but every other admirer of our revolution, who, in this coffee-houſe, ſo enthuſiaſtically ſerved our patriots, and propagated their precepts, have ſeverely ſuffered for it. We were all taken up on the ſame evening, as anarchiſts, carried in irons to the Temple, at Paris, from which we were only liberated upon condition of never more interfering in politics or in the government of nations. We have all been completely duped by hypocrites and impoſtors, and when we expected advancement and notice as a reward, were threatened with perſecution and proſcription, as a due puniſhment. What ſhocking times do we not live in?"

Thinking we were obſerved, he propoſed to me a walk on the ramparts. Here he unboſomed himſelf entirely. He aſſured me, that in conſequence of the

the turn the revolution had taken, and of the succefs which a fet of guilty and unprincipled adventurers had obtained from the labours of true friends of liberty, the general wifh was to fee affairs as they were fifteen years ago; a Bourbon upon the throne of France, and a Prince of Orange at the head of the government in Holland. He was particularly violent againft Buonaparte, who, according to him, had alone more retrograded the *regeneration* and the *perfectability* of the human fpecies, than all other revolutionary defpots, who, in the name of liberty, had organifed the moft oppreffive flavery. Under Louis XVI. and under the Prince of Orange, faid he, we dared fpeak like men, like reafonable beings, our fentiments; under Buonaparte, and under his tools, a Batavian Directory, we are reduced to the ftate of imbecility; we are brutalifed; we dare hardly think,

 much

much less own what we think; an assassin and a highwayman are sooner forgiven than the admirers of the rights of man, and the worshippers of a sacred equality.

The enmity of this citizen against Buonaparte I easily accounted for, when I heard that it was but the week before that he had arrived from his visit to the Temple, where he more than once had been in presence of racks and of executioners. As to the seizure en masse of all the *patriots* of this coffee-house, it took place in consequence of their having the indiscretion to blame Buonaparte for extorting a consulate for life, and for signing the religious concordat with the Pope.

The revolution has indeed disappointed all parties: its adherents as well as its opposers; its supporters as well as its victims. The one has waded through rivers of blood, and of atrocities,

cities, to the den of ſlavery; the others have wandered through a circle of errors and inconſiſtencies to kneel yoked with their faces at the foot of the throne of an upſtart tyrant. What follies, what crimes, what extravagancies, were not neceſſary and requiſite to eſtabliſh Buonaparte's ſupremacy!

One of the orators of this coffee-houſe, a brewer of the name of Sauſter, periſhed a martyr to his zeal, and involved his family in his own peril. When upon the road to the Temple, he never ceaſed to declaim againſt Buonaparte, and to predict that the uſurper would periſh as he had lived, like a criminal. For this imprudence he was tried and ſhot as a conſpirator. His wife, who knew nothing of his fate, followed him with their three children, and carried with her a large ſum of money (advanced her upon their property by ſome friends), under ſuppo-

ſition, and from what ſhe knew of the *diſintereſtedneſs* of revolutionary gaolers, that pecuniary donations might reſtore her huſband to ſociety. After ſome weeks attendance, ſhe obtained information that he had long ceaſed to be among the living; rendered furious with grief ſhe returned to her lodgings, where after ſtabbing her children through their hearts, ſhe cut her own throat. As all theſe ſorts of perpetrations are concealed by the police of Paris, and if poſſible buried in eternal oblivion, her relatives and friends in this country would never have known any thing of it, but for ſome bills of exchange ſhe had brought with her, and one which the police agents, ignorant of her hand-writing, had imitated in ſuch a clumſy manner that the forgery was eaſily diſcovered, and payment of courſe refuſed. It then firſt came out that the bills had

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belonged to a dead perſon, and the Batavian ambaſſador in France, Schimmelpenninck, after much pains, was informed by the prefect of the police of the horrid act to which Madam Sauſter had reſorted; but it was only ſeven months afterwards that the fate of her huſband was known to their friends in Holland.

LETTER XX.

Amsterdam, March, 1804.

MY LORD,

I DINED yesterday with a respectable merchant, who lately was swindled out of one hundred thousand livres, (4000l.) in the following curious manner. He received from an old correspondent, a banker at Paris, a letter by the regular post, in which he was confidentially informed, that one of the principal clerks of his house had absconded with five hundred thousand livres, (20,000l.) in bank notes, and was supposed to have escaped to Amsterdam. He gave a description of the clerk's person, dress, &c. and desired his friend to look after him, and if possible to try to get the money back again. But it was added, as he had been a faithful

faithful ſervant for twenty years, ſo much ſo, that he intended to take him into partnerſhip, inſtead of doing him any harm, if the money was recovered, he was deſired to give the culprit a ſum of one hundred thouſand livres, to ſettle in England or America, and repair there, with future good behaviour, his paſt miſconduct in France.

On the ſame day the Dutch merchant obtained this letter he went upon the exchange, where he thought that he obſerved a perſon reſembling the deſcription given by his friend of his abſconded clerk. Going up towards him, he ſeemed terrified and abruptly left the exchange; being, however, overtaken by the merchant and queſtioned, he unwillingly acknowledged himſelf, not only to be the ſame perſon, but ready to deliver up, with little exception, the whole ſum immediately. When the merchant had

 pocketed

pocketed the money, he read to him his former maſter's letter, and told him, that the ſame night he might call at the counting houſe for the one hundred thouſand livres, which he punctually did, and the next day embarked for England or America.

Rejoicing at his ſucceſs, the merchant, with the firſt mail, *diſpatched* to his correſpondent at Paris the five hundred thouſand livres; but what was his ſurpriſe, when with the return of the poſt, he was informed, that the Pariſian banker never had ſuch a perſon for a clerk, never had loſt ſuch a ſum of money, never had written to him to give away one hundred thouſand livres, and that all the bank notes he had ſent him were forged. Notwithſtanding a large reward was offered and advertiſed in all the Dutch and French papers for the diſcovery of this ingenious ſwindler, it has never been

been discovered who he was or what has become of him.

A French woman arrived in this city two years ago, attended with a numerous retinue of servants, and well provided with letters of credit and recommendation. She called herself Baroness de Montaut, widow of Baron de Montaut, shot in la Vendee. She took a house in one of the most fashionable streets, which in a short time, by her polite and engaging behaviour became the fashionable rendezvous of the principal person of both sexes. No gambling, except for trifles, were suffered in her house; music, reading and conversation were, with some tea parties, balls and suppers, the chief entertainments. Pretending to be an *amateur* in pictures and a *connoisseur* in diamonds, she made several large purchases, for which she paid in bills, which were duly honoured.

Her

Her refined manners, and above all her fuppofed riches, caufed her many admirers. One of them a citizen, R——f, a young man of large property, obtained finally the preference, and was married to her. Some few weeks after her marriage, fhe perfuaded her hufband to make a tour in France and Italy; being partner in one of the firft houfes here, he left this city with an unlimited credit. His wife, on her part, could difpofe of large fums, her private wealth, together with diamonds for fix hundred thoufand florins, which fhe bought the day before her departure, as fhe faid, according to the command of Madame Buonaparte, and for which fhe gave bills on her banker at Paris. On the fame evening fhe arrived in that capital with her hufband, fhe paid a vifit without him, to a near relative, as fhe faid, of whom fhe was the heirefs, but who fhe was afraid, would

not

not approve of her match with a merchant. To convince him, however, that citizen R——f was a perſon of great afluence, ſhe carried with her the ſignature of his houſe for an unlimited credit. She came back rather in low ſpirits, becauſe ſhe had been treated with ſeverity on account of her *miſalliance*, but after ſome more interviews, ſhe hoped to be forgiven what could not be undone or repaired.

Citizen R——f had not the leaſt ſuſpicion, but that he had married the rich and amiable widow of Baron de Montaut; even on the third night, when ſhe did not return to the hotel, he was only unhappy for fear of ſome accident to her, but harboured no idea that he was a dupe until he was arreſted for the bills, ſhe had given on her banker at Paris, to the jewellers at

Amſter-

Amſterdam. But even then he thought it a miſtake. He drew inſtantly on his own houſe for the amount, and in waiting for an anſwer employed ſeveral agents of police to diſcover what was become of his wife. In ſome few days even his own bills came back proteſted, as his partner had already advanced money for a million of florins on drafts with his ſignature. He then wrote to the Batavian ambaſſador, relating his misfortunes, and aſking advice and aſſiſtance; but the only conſolation from his official countryman, was, that the police had reaſon to believe that his wife was a female adventurer, connected with a gang of rogues and impoſtors.

But while the police was in ſearch of the fugitive and her aſſociates at Paris, the houſe of citizen R——f was involved in great embarraſſments on account

count of many bills Madame R——f had negociated before her elopement, in the name of her hufband. With a confiderable lofs in money, and ftill greater in credit, after diffolving partnerfhip and declaring R——f a bankrupt, they were, however, able to continue their commerce, and fettled generoufly an annuity of three thoufand florins on their unfortunate, deluded partner, who remained in prifon nine months before the police could feize on Madame R——f, who was nothing but a kept miftrefs of a notorious fwindler, Dubois Mouchi, who had fent her purpofely to take in fome Dutch capitalift. By the correctional police fhe was condemned to three years imprifonment and hard labour in the houfe of correction; but very little of R——f's property was recov r d, as Dubois Mouchi had carried it with him and

and failed for America. From the description of his person, it was supposed that he was the individual who had taken in the Dutch merchant for one hundred thousand livres, as related in the beginning of this letter.

LETTER XXI.

Amsterdam, March, 1804.

MY LORD,

I HAVE been abfent on an excurfion to North Holland, during thefe laft three days. I was curious to vifit a country fo lately the field of conteft of powerful armies.

Though I have no pretenfions to be able to difcufs, more than to delineate military achievements, it requires but an ordinary military education to judge what might be done in a country fo difficult of accefs, and fo eafily defended, where, during two-thirds of the year, from inundations, marfhes, &c. it is almoft as impoffible to advance as to retreat, and where the defendants as well as the affailants are expofed to the fame

ſame ravages of a damp and unhealthy climate.

I had been in company with a Batavian officer of Scotch extraction, in a friend's houſe here, whom I had found both intelligent and communicative. He belonged, during the campaign of 1799, to the ſtaff of general Daendels, but was now with his regiment quartered at the Helder, where I viſited him. He went round with me to the different places, where the principal engagements had taken place, and where the oppoſing armies had encamped both before and after the conflicts. I ſhall give, as nearly as poſſible in his own words, his opinion of the cauſes of the failure of the Anglo Ruſſian army in its attempt to reſtore the Prince of Orange to his ſupremacy.

" The expedition," ſaid he, " when determined on by the Britiſh cabinet, was retarded rather too long before it ſet ſail, and when it ſailed encountered

ſuch

ſuch gales and ſuch high winds, which are not uſual in the ſummer months, a miſfortune which diſperſed the fleet, and for ten days longer put off the attack; during which time, not only the Gallo-Batavians had opportunity to fortify themſelves, but to receive conſiderable reinforcements. I know that the movements of the Engliſh were calculated and combined according to the probability of the junction of their Ruſſian allies, without whom, they were not numerous enough to march againſt Amſterdam, and to leave garriſons ſtrong enough to defend the ſtrong poſts and holds, they left behind them; but the landing of a fortnight earlier, might have delivered up to them the Batavian army as well as the Batavian navy, all the Batavian regiments were in a ſtate of mutiny until the arrival of French troops forced them into obedience."

After

" After the firſt victories of the English," continued he, " every body conſidered Holland as loſt to France, and reſtored to the Prince of Orange. All Dutchmen, his enemies, and thoſe, who had any crimes to reproach themſelves, or any puniſhments to apprehend, had tranſported their principal effects to Antwerp, and were ready to follow in perſon. The bombaſtic addreſſes of the French government; the intrigues and threats of General Brune, and ſome trifling advantages, which he called great victories, intimidated ſome, and gave courage to others; but ſo certain were ſtill the inhabitants of Amſterdam, Rotterdam and the Hague, of ſoon being garriſoned by Anglo-Ruſſians, that when the news of a negociation between the Duke of York and General Brune was ſpread, the common belief was, that the latter would conſent to relinquiſh his endeavours to

impede

impede the progrefs of the enemy in North Holland, and retreat to our ftrong fortreffes on the Flemifh frontiers. Thus fuppofed thofe who did not know that Brune was as artful an intriguer as he was an ignorant general; and that confidering the feafon of the year, and the daily reinforcements, which France, after the victories of Maffena in Switzerland, was enabled to fend to Holland, the fituation of the Royal Britifh Commander was moft critical, and according to probabilities, a decided fuperiority in numbers, and a froft even might have occafioned the total difperfion or deftruction of thofe brave troops, who eighteen months afterwards aftonifhed Europe, by their exploits in Africa, and whom an honorable convention faved on the borders of the Texel to dictate foon afterwards to Frenchmen another convention, or rather an humiliating capitulation,

capitulation, on the Banks of the Nile. But," finiſhed he, "Pruſſia alone is the real cauſe of the wretchedneſs of my country under the French yoke. Any threatening movements made by her on the Batavian German frontiers, would have produced a general inſurrection in moſt of our provinces, and created a diverſion in favor of our deliverers, which might have not only ſaved Holland from ruin, but the Continent from bondage."

For my part, though I agree in the chief points with the Dutch officer, I do not think, from what we have witneſſed ſince, that had even the Anglo-Ruſſians ſucceeded to eſtabliſh the Prince of Orange in 1799, they had troops enough to prevent him from being expelled again after the battle of Marengo in June 1800, or at leaſt, after the Ruſſian monarch in the following winter withdrew from the coalition.

tion. As to Pruſſia, her conduct is incomprehenſible. She ſeems not to dread the revolutionary tempeſt which has laid waſte ſo many States round her, and which ſooner or later muſt from her ſelfiſh and impolitic conduct gather ſtrength enough to bury the North of Europe in the ruins of the South.

No where in the Batavian republic are the French more deteſted, than in North Holland. I ſhould have been inſulted every where, had not the officer let his countrymen underſtand that I was from Brabant, and a ſufferer as well as themſelves, from French fraternity. In twenty places, and from twenty different perſons, I received the ſame anſwers, when I ſaw any villages or houſes rebuilt or in ruins. "Theſe buildings," ſaid they, "have been conſtructed by the money preſented us, by our Engliſh enemies; and theſe

ruins are the effects of the cannons of our French brothers, who destroy but never repair." In fact, the British Government, in the most liberal way, paid to the unfortunate inhabitants, the full value of all damages experienced from the invasion of the Anglo-Russians, while our revolutionary rulers not only refused all demands of the sufferers from their losses, but appropriated to themselves, by their deputies, our generals and commissaries, many considerable sums given by England and by the Batavian Directory, under pretence that these sums were due to our troops for their loss of baggage, and that they were to be satisfied before the Batavian citizens could make any claims.

LETTER XXII.

Amsterdam, March 1804.

MY LORD,

THIS will be my laſt letter to you from this city, which I leave with great regret, on account of the many diſintereſted civilities I have met with both from my old and new friends.

I went yeſterday upon the Exchange to bid adieu to ſome merchants, whom I had not been able to find at home. As commerce is not my buſineſs, I have rarely been upon Exchange any where, and only twice during my late ſtay in this place. In wandering about, which I did at my eaſe, I could not help remarking the great difference between the aſpect of affairs and conduct of men now, and ten years ago. Some few ſolitary perſons held ſome factures,

or bills of lading in their hands, and ſpoke with maſters of neutral merchantmen about trade; but in moſt groups, the Moniteur, or other French papers were read, and their contents commented on, according to the hopes or fears, wiſhes or intereſts of the parties; and from what was debated or explained, I was more inclined to think myſelf in a Jacobin club, than upon the *ci-devant* firſt Exchange of the Continent. Will Pichegru be ſhot? aſked one? Will Moreau be tried? enquired another. The armies will ſuffer neither, interrupted a third. Yes, exclaimed a fourth, Buonaparte may ſhoot, try, impriſon, or tranſport all the French generals *en maſſe*, and the French ſoldiers will not even murmur, were he to order them to execute their own fathers and brothers. You degrade the national ſpirit, cried a fifth; you calumniate the French ſoldiers, who

who are free citizens, and will act as well as combat like freemen.—Like freemen! like freemen! was heard from ſeveral perſons, coughing, ſtamping and laughing. I was thinking they were going to fight, when a patrole of French ſoldiers made its appearance, and ſettled the diſpute of theſe politicians, who preſently diſperſed.

In another part of the Exchange a Dutchman juſt arrived from England, related the immenſe preparations made to defend its liberty and independence from the meditated invaſion of Buonaparte. Great Britain will neverthele∫s be conquered, ſaid one; Buonaparte will never attempt to invade her, ſaid another; her ſtruggle will be long, ſaid the firſt, but ſhe will be annihilated at laſt; Buonaparte will periſh if he ſets his feet on Britiſh ground, retorted the ſecond ſpeaker; and the liberty of the

ſeas, ſeveral voices called out; and the liberty of the Continent, anſwered others! Here again the ſight of French bayonets put an end to all differences, and adjourned the debates.

Some minutes afterwards, a perſon read a letter from his correſpondent at Hamburgh, containing the intelligence of the pretended capture of the Cape Good Hope by the Engliſh. It is not true! it is impoſſible! ſeveral voices exclaimed. England has no troops to ſpare; no expedition has ſailed for ſuch an undertaking. Not from Europe, ſaid the reader of the letter, but from Aſia. It is believed in the Exchanges of Hamburgh and Bremen, and will ſoon be confirmed from the Exchange of London. Here the murmur became general, ſome crying out, no true patriot can wiſh for ſuch a confirmation; while others ſaid, the whole rumour is a ſtock-jobbing buſineſs; no ſuch

ſuch thing, replied ſome; yes, yes, it is nothing elſe, exclaimed others. The tri-coloured regulators of political as well as commercial affairs, were now approaching, and the believers as well as the diſbelievers of the conqueſt of this Batavian colony, immediately ceaſed the conteſt, and retired different ways.

I mentioned to a friend what I had ſeen and heard this day, and the ſurpriſe it cauſed me. What you have witneſſed this day, is every day's ſcene of late, ſaid he. Seven-eighths of the preſent frequenters of our Exchange are merchants or tradeſmen ruined by the revolution, who having no buſineſs of their own, regulate gratuitouſly the affairs of other ſtates, and from habit of converſing on politics, conſider themſelves firſt rate politicians. Many are alſo in the pay of France or England, and even of individuals, engaged

to diſſeminate falſe reports or rumours to ſerve the private views of their employers. Some years back they were much more violent than at preſent; they many times came to blows, which obliged our municipality to aſk the French commander to ſend every day during the Exchange hours a patrole to keep them in awe; in this they did not ſucceed, before ſome of the moſt hot-headed orators had been taken up, and fined as diſturbers of the peace. Now only the ſight of a French ſoldier is ſufficient to make the moſt furious opponents agree, at leaſt in diſperſing.

As to commercial tranſactions, theſe he ſaid, did not amount during a month to what was ten years ago done during one hour. The maritime trade is entirely carried on by ſome few neutrals, and ſome Dutch ſhips under Pruſſian and Daniſh colours; and the French government has dictated ſo many pro-

hibitory

hibitory laws to impede the inland commerce, that it is almoſt worſe than the maritime. Every year our burdens augment, and our reſources diminiſh. The arrival of a ſhip in the Texel, or in the Meuſe, is now an epoch upon our Exchange, and occaſions greater rejoicings than formerly the return of whole fleets from colonies. We nevertheleſs pay at preſent more duties upon one ſingle cargo, than we did formerly upon ten. I fear, added he with a groan, that I ſhall live long enough to ſee the Exchange of London as transformed as the Exchange of Amſterdam; Buonaparte is a fortunate man, though unprincipled and wicked. After ſwearing hatred to monarchy for years, he has made a King of Etruria; and after abjuring Chriſt in Africa, he has eſtabliſhed Chriſtianity in France. Not ſatisfied with a political and religious revolution, he now meditates a com-

mercial one, and I ſhould not be aſtoniſhed at all, were he, from the ſame policy which has influenced him in his preceding acts, after demoliſhing all the Exchanges of Europe, to declare himſelf a ſovereign banker, as well as a ſovereign conſul, and ſovereign high-prieſt. I could not help ſmiling at the alarms and ſuppoſitions of my friend, though after what has paſſed under our eyes withintheſe laſt few years, I am apt to think that improbabilities are no longer inprobable, nor impoſſibilities impoſſible.

LETTER

LETTER XXIII.

Harlem, March, 1804.

MY LORD,

IN the trekſchuit, between Amſterdam and this town, I ſaw ſuch a fooliſh ſcene of ſuperſtition, as I little expected to ſee in our preſent enlightened age. Among the paſſengers was a middle-aged Jew, who ſtripped himſelf to the ſhirt, threw himſelf ſeveral times on his knees and on his face, ſpoke loud ſome prayers, murmured ſoftly ſome others, turned his eyes, grinned ghaſtly, and worked his whole body into the moſt ſhocking convulſions. This diſguſting mummery continued upwards of an hour.

As the Dutch paſſengers ſeemed not ſo ſurpriſed as I was myſelf, I enquired what could be meant by what I be-

lieved an act of folly, devotion or repentance. One of them anſwered, that this Jew muſt have on the ſame day in a former year eſcaped ſome great danger, and had therefore made a vow to inflict during the remainder part of his life ſome penance on that day, and perhaps hour. That this was the caſe, the Jew, when he recovered a little, confirmed. He ſaid, that on the ſame day and hour, five years before, he was at ſea, and a ſudden guſt of wind overſet the veſſel. With much difficulty he got upon its bottom, where he remained two days and three nights, and was firſt releaſed from his perilous ſituation, when he had made the ſolemn vow, which we ſaw him perform; of all the perſons on board he was the only one ſaved. I obſerved that he had ſeveral beads round his neck, which he often kiſſed; theſe, he told me, were charms, which had been brought by his

fore-

forefathers from Paleſtine. In their lucky effects he ſeemed to have the ſame confidence as Roman Catholics have in the relics of their ſaints. One may pity, but it would be cruel to laugh at the follies of mortals, of which each of us has ſo great a ſhare.

I have dined to-day with a friend who has a beautiful houſe half a league from this town, where he was born, and where his family has reſided ſince Holland has been a republic. Though ſtill every thing round him beſpoke affluence, I remarked ſome difference from his former manner of living, and of being attended. He told me, when I ſaw him in September, 1794, (upon my compliment of his delicate table, and ſplendid retinue,) " my friend, though we differ in politics, I ſhall always be happy in ſeeing you. Should we ever get rid of the government of a Stadtholder, call on me, and no independent

dependent citizen, nay no ſovereign shall have in his power to treat you more ſumptuouſly, or to have you better waited upon." Now, when what he ſo much had wiſhed for, and which was to produce ſuch ſplendour and greatneſs for him, had occurred, I found him not only leſs comfortable for a rich man, but his converſation as well as his appearance, announced diſappointment, if not diſcontent.

When dinner was over, and the ſervants were retired, he ſaid, "I have not forgotten the billiant promiſes and pompous boaſts I held out to you the laſt time you were here, but we are not only a betrayed but ruined people; ſince we had, as I thought, recovered the liberty of our anceſtors, we have become beggared ſlaves, diſhonoured, diſgraced, and what is worſe, deſerving our fate. I, who was ſuch a warm and diſintereſted friend of the French revolution,

lution, and of the French nation, have been plundered by Frenchmen of half my property, and efcaped only the death of a criminal by facrificing a part of my wealth. I intend to difpofe of every thing which I poffefs in the Batavian commonwealth, and in fome few months prefer the neighbourhood and fociety of American favages, to the fraternity of civilized Frenchmen."

Upon further enquiry, I found that my friend, in the firft moments of enthufiafm, after the fucceffes of the French produced a revolution in Holland, had, when a patriotic donation was called for, given much more than what was expected from him, and even advanced money to others to enable them to do the fame. Inftead of increafing his popularity with his countrymen, or preferving his friendfhip with the invaders by fuch extravagance, the former fufpected his ardent

patriotifm,

patriotiſm, and the latter began to think him much richer than he really was. He was therefore not choſen a member of the Batavian National Convention; and when he complained of ſuch undeſerved neglect, ſome enemy or ſpy denounced him as keeping up a ſecret correſpondence with the Prince of Orange, and he was arreſted, and his papers ſearched, and ſealed up. Though nothing inculpating him was found in them, the French general required his impriſonment to be continued until a general pacification. After fourteen months impriſonment an opportunity preſented itſelf to eſcape, and he took advantage of it; but being retaken, he was again not only more ſeverely confined, but threatened with a trial by a military commiſſion, which here as in France, is a tribunal of death. Thus circumſtanced, his ſiſter waited on the French ambaſſador,

La Croix,

La Croix, and for a ſum of two hundred thouſand florins, to be divided between him and the French commander, obtained her brother's releaſe, and permiſſion for him to reſide undiſturbed in his houſe near this town.

Such was his hiſtory ſince the revolution; but he aſſured me, that though he had ſuffered a great deal, he was not the moſt ill treated of his neighbours. The former owner of a houſe I could ſee from his windows, as warm a friend of the revolution as himſelf, had ſeen his wife ſeduced, and his two daughters violated and carried away by French officers, and upon a complaint of theſe outrages, had been himſelf accuſed as being an accomplice with forgers of aſſignats, ſent to France under that pretext, where deſpair made him commit ſuicide in his priſon. The ſeducer of his wife is now the owner

er of his house; his wife has died broken-hearted; and his daughters augment, in the Palais Royal at Paris, the number of victims of seduction, and agents of vice.

In the Batavian republic, and in the kingdom of Naples, the majority of ancient, wealthy, and respectable families were the most dissatisfied with their own governments, and the greatest admirers of a revolution, which proclaimed from its beginning principles levelling ranks and distinctions, destruction to hereditary property, and encroachment upon personal safety. In this town the trade carried on was always relatively trifling, most of its inhabitants being annuitants or rich merchants retired from business; nevertheless its opposition to a Stadtholder manifested itself on all occasions; it wished and plotted for an overthrow,

which

which has ſince reduced ſome to deſpair, many to poverty, and all to bondage. One-eighth of its houſes are empty and deſerted, and one-ſixth of its population fled.

LETTER

LETTER XXIV.

Leyden, March, 1804.

MY LORD,

THIS city has fome few cloth manufactories ftill in activity; but what formerly caufed its renown and advantage, its univerfity, has loft its popularity, as well as its luftre. Where Boerhaave once read lectures to ftudents from all parts of Europe, allured by his well-merited celebrity, a Valkenaar has commented on the rights of man, and encouraged the *facred* right of infurrection to fome imbecile natives, applauding fophiftry as fublimity, and revolutionary nonfenfe as infpiration, becaufe they could not comprehend its abfurdity and danger. Since the revolution, befides, fome of its moft learned and ableft profeffors, as a Luzac, by the intole-

intoleration and injuſtice of demagogues, have been either proſcribed or forced to reſign. A military mania has alſo in Holland, as well as in France, ſeized on many young minds; the books have been relinquiſhed for the muſket, and when the ſchools of vice and depravity, the guard-houſes and the camps have been crowded, the ſeats of mental improvement, the colleges and the univerſities, have been neglected, vacated and deſerted. The fatal conſequence of this juvenile licentiouſneſs, inſtead of ſocial education, will be felt more ſeverely by future generations than by our own age.

It has happened with Profeſſor Valkenaar, as with moſt other reformers and innovators. Wiſhing to regenerate mankind according to his own notions of human perfectability, but encountering, in his revolutionary career, other regenerators more ſubtle,

more

more extravagant and more audacious, they have in their turn monopolifed folly and ignorance, and left him equally difappointed and defpifed. Under the mild and benevolent reign of a Prince of Orange, he fhewed himfelf one of the moft inveterate enemies of the government of a Stadtholder, and was in return, elected a deputy of the Batavian National Convention, employed afterwards both in the adminiftration at home, and in diplomatic miffions abroad, until he dared to hint that the military defpotifm exercifed by Buonaparte in France, was not the beft of all poffible Sovereignty. Difgrace was the immediate remuneration for all paft revolutionary fervices, and what was a ftill greater punifhment to an ambitious and vain revolutionift, nobody feemed to notice his defcent into the fhades of oblivion.

How very different has been the pure

life

life and honourable conduct of Professor Luzac. An adherent to the government of a Stadtholder, but never a pensioner of the house of Orange, he resigned his academical chair the instant anarchists and demagogues exercised an authority his conscience and understanding forbade him to approve. He would not be the accomplice nor tool of rebels, more than he had been the slave of a legitimate Prince. He prefered a philosophical and domestic retirement to the often guilty, and always agitated, supremacy of usurpation and factions in power. He saw parties plot, supplant and proscribe each other; by turns envied and calumniated, elevated and crushed. His self-chosen obscurity dreaded nothing but the ruin of his country, and sighed for nothing but for its preservation and prosperity. As an individual citizen his single efforts would have availed nothing,

nothing, nor retarded its progreſs towards that precipice upon which it at preſent is placed; but if he has not been able to ſave it, at leaſt he has not to reproach himſelf for its approaching deſtruction. He poſſeſſes, therefore, the eſteem of his contemporaries, and has nothing to apprehend from the judgment of poſterity.

This profeſſor had for twenty years been the editor of the Leyden Gazette, the beſt conducted newſpaper on the Continent; a collection of this gazette is the beſt and moſt impartial among conciſe hiſtories of the times, that ever was written in a haſty and curſory manner. Such was its known impartiality, that it was publicly read at Naples, as well as at St. Peterſburgh, at Madrid as well as at Vienna; even deſpotic governments reſpected the opinions of a writer, who himſelf always revered truth. But when the

friends

friends of liberty and equality had effected a revolution in Holland, they assailed instantly both the civil liberty of citizens and the political liberty of the press. Several articles, containing illiberal attacks on other States, and impertinent impostures concerning domestic affairs, were sent from the victorious party for insertion in the Leyden Gazette. This violation of the principles upon which it had so long been conducted, Professor Luzac could never accede to. The gazette was, therefore, stopped by the revolutionary government of his country; but as its profit had for near a century been an inheritance in the Luzac family, it was by its members considered as a family estate, and another paper under another title, was continued and sent to the subscribers, of which though another person was the nominal editor, it

was easily discovered that the professor inspected and selected its contents. But guarded as the Luzac's have since been, not to give offence, by inserting hardly any thing that was not official, their gazette within ten years has been stopped three times, not so much for what it contained, but because it did not contain the official scurrilities and falshoods, which Buonaparte and Talleyrand heap in such abundance on lawful sovereigns and independent nations, not bowing to their dictates or refractory to their mandates. Since the rupture with England last year, Professor Luzac has wisely renounced all interference with regard to this paper, of which Buonaparte's ambassador in Holland, is now the real editor, to the immense loss of its ancient proprietors.

Among other *blessings* promised mankind from the French revolution was,

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an univerſal liberty of the preſs. How this promiſe has been kept, is well known, and that not a newſpaper, not a magazine, not a pamphlet, not a book is printed upon the Continent, without the aſſent or *imprimatur* of a government, which has ſworn the annihilation, if poſſible, of the very name of liberty. But it is incomprehenſible, that ſo fallacious a promiſe ever could make any dupes. Rebels and aſſaſſins, who march to dominion upon ruin, and corpſes, whoſe private lives are often as infamous as their public lives are culpable, every thinking being, not bewildered with revolutionary fanaticiſm, might have foreſeen, muſt be the LAST CLASS of *Sovereigns*, to protect, reſpect, and encourage, the Liberty of the Preſs. They naturally, and individually, had too much to dread from indiſcriminate publicity, not to oppoſe or impede

pede it. Under a regular, free and moral Government, like that of Great Britain, the Liberty of the Prefs can alone hope to profper undifturbed, protected by the reviving fhades of falutary laws.

LETTER

LETTER XXV.

Leyden, March, 1804.

MY LORD,

THIS city is the cleaneſt in the Batavian republic, which, every traveller knows, is to ſay a great deal. The ſtreets are large and well aired, the canals kept free from filth, and many of the houſes as elegant as thoſe of Utrecht and Amſterdam. Here, as well as every where elſe in Holland, the population has decreaſed with liberty and proſperity, and you may walk about for five hours without meeting with ten individuals, except paſſengers going to and from Amſterdam, Rotterdam and the Hague, from which this place is a thoroughfare.

I lodge here in the inn called the Golden Lion, which though not the

 beſt,

beſt, is far from being the cheapeſt houſe I have frequented in this republic. In its neighbourhood reſides Mr. Murray, one of the firſt bookſellers of this city, grandſon of a Scotchman who ſettled here after the laſt Scots rebellion, in which he was implicated. I wanted to purchaſe ſome ſelect Dutch books, and having heard that he was both well informed and honeſt, I went into his warehouſe to aſk his advice. Unfortunately he was not at home, and though his principal clerks and his ſiſter, who ſeemed to act as her brother's deputy, were both civil and obliging, I had not confidence enough in their judgment to conclude for any bargains.

In converſing with Miſs Murray, I found her, though rather an old maid, communicative, unprejudiced and well informed. I knew that before the revolution, Holland was to the Continent,

with

with regard to the liberty of the prefs, what England is at prefent to Europe, and that great fortunes had been made by bookfellers, for publications in the French, German, Spanifh, Italian, Portuguefe, &c. which from the ignorance of Minifters, influence of favourites, and the profligacy of miftreffes of Princes, were prohibited in their refpective ftates, and therefore fmuggled in by the traders with this country, fold at high prices and bought up with avidity. From what I underftood from my fair narrator, not only this branch of commerce is entirely deftroyed, but except in heavily fold tranflations, of heavy and dull French originals, nothing whatever is done in the bookfelling line. All thofe, therefore, of any indepence or competence have withdrawn their capitals from this branch of trade; her brother would long ago have done the fame, had

not the principals of the univerſity deſired him to continue. She ſaid, that in 1794, twenty-two bookſellers were proſperous and ſucceſsful in this city. Of theſe only ſeven ſtill continued in buſineſs, and from the loſſes theſe experience, their number will ſoon be ſtill leſs. It is the ſame with all perſons engaged in the trade at Amſterdam, Rotterdam, Utrecht and the Hague. All bookſellers in this country, are alſo expoſed to daily domiciliary viſits of French agents, or to their extortions, to avoid the reſearches of theſe troubleſome intruders.

Having heard, that the bookſellers here, before the revolution, behaved in the moſt illiberal manner towards men of letters and authors, uſing them like fags, and treating them like hacks, I ſaid that their deſcendants were puniſhed for the injuſtice of their forefathers, and that the ſpirits of injured, humbled

humbled and humiliated genius, muſt ſee with pleaſure the chaſtiſement of the deſcendants of thoſe men, who had acquired opulence by the exertions of the genius and talents of others, and which were never rewarded. Sir, interrupted Miſs Murray, I do not know in what manner bookſellers conducted themſelves before I was of age to judge of their behaviour, but of this I am certain, that my father and my brothers, (one of whom had died young) never had any thing to reproach themſelves with on this ſubject, or with theſe gentlemen. To convince you of the truth of a part of my ſtatement, and that inſtead of depreſſing, we encouraged and recompenſed real merit or misfortunes, I will tell you the following anecdote, well known in this country, and of the reality of which, as you are now going to France, you may eaſily be informed yourſelf.

The Marquis de S——, formerly a colonel in the ſervice of Louis XVI. arrived in this city about November 1792, after the unfortunate campaign of the Pruſſians and Emigrants in Champagne. Being plundered by Pruſſian and republican light troops of every thing, even of his linen and apparel, he came here a ſtranger, friendleſs and deſtitute. Walking about and muſing on his ſituation, he happened to ſee my brother's name on our door, and read that he was a bookſeller. It then occurred to him, that perhaps, from his education, and from the talents his friends had flattered him to poſſeſs, he might with my brother's aſſiſtance and advice get into a way to gain an honeſt and independent livelihood. After ſome private converſation, during which he informed my brother who he was, and of the object of his viſit, he enquired whether it might not turn out profit-

able

able to publiſh a newſpaper three or four times a week, containing not only the political and military tranſactions of the times, but alſo revolutionary anecdotes of the heroes then figuring upon the revolutionary theatre at Paris. My brother encouraged him, and offered to advance the money for a proſpectus and for the publication of ſuch a paper, and to ſhare with him the profit; but after eight numbers had been printed, my brother perceived that it would not anſwer, and therefore deſired him to compoſe a collection of facts and anecdotes which had come to his notice, or which he had ſeen or heard of. Within five weeks, a volume of a work called Revolutionary Memorials, was written by him and publiſhed by my brother, who preſented him ſeventy louis d'ors for it. Its ſale being very rapid, he added two other volumes, which with the former one,

within ſixteen months, went through ſix editions. About that time the French republican armies had gained ground on the allies, and the Marquis, as being proſcribed, thought it prudent to leave this country and retire to Hamburgh.

The works of the Marquis were very curious, intereſting and well written. He had himſelf been an eye witneſs of moſt ſcenes he had deſcribed, and acquainted with moſt characters, he had delineated. He had ſeen the moſt remarkable epochas of the revolution; the capture of the baſtile by treachery from imbecility; the inſulting proceſſion of the Royal Family in October 1789, amidſt cannibals and bleeding heads; the ſacrilegious outrages experienced by the royal captives after their return from Varennes, in June 1791; the ſhocking crimes of the 10th of Auguſt, and the ferocious maſſacres

of

of September 1792; and as he had fenfibly felt what he had feen, fo he feelingly drew and ftrongly expreffed the fentiments of the horrors forced on his view. The popularity of his work may be afcribed to the fingular incidents of his having been always the fpectator, fometimes the actor, and at laft the victim of the contents of his narrative.

As the Marquis's works had been very profitable to my brother, he prefented him on his departure with a purfe containing one hundred louis d'ors, (100l.) and an engagement to pay him annually half of that fum during his life, or as long as he ftood in need of it, which he did until four years ago, when he recovered a part of his property in France, and returned my brother his engagement with an obliging letter, and a ring of great value. Should my brother return before your departure,

departure, you may in the Marquis's letter read the truth of what I have said, besides as you are going to Paris, I will give you his address, and you can hear from his own mouth a confirmation, that *all* booksellers in Holland are not the men of apathy which you suppose.

I remember also to the honour of Dutch booksellers, that J. J. Rousseau, in his Confessions, mentions one of the name of Ray, of Amsterdam, who, without any request on his part, allowed him an annuity, merely because he profited so much by his writings. It must be added that Ray, or rather his memory, has not suffered from this act of justice or generosity. Who would ever at present have known that such a relatively insignificant being as Ray, drudging in a bookseller's shop, ever had existed, if that great luminary

Rousseau

Rouſſeau had not dragged him from his obſcurity.

The town hall of this city is nearly oppoſite the houſe of Mr. Murray; juſt as I was going away I ſaw a young man, wounded in ſeveral places, carried into the guard houſe under the hall. Upon inquiry, I heard that he was a ſtudent, who had fought with a French rifleman, and that ſuch ſanginary ſcenes occur every day; the greateſt animoſity ſubſiſting between the Batavian ſtudents and French ſoldiers.

LETTER

LETTER XXVI.

Delft; March 1804.

MY LORD,

A TRAVELLER with trekschuits, in this country, may, every where, for a trifling addition, secure the roef, or the best place, where he is neither exposed to be offended by the gross behaviour of ill-bred companions, nor troubled or disgusted with the incessant smoaking of the *genteel* Hollanders. When I left Amsterdam, my servant, by his negligence, missed that opportunity, and I was under the necessity of sitting amidst superstitious Jews and vulgar Christians, along with soldiers, sailors, mountebanks, pimps, and infamous women.

The roef had been bespoke, and was occupied by two young Dutchmen;

men; who, as I afterwards difcovered, were relations of the Batavian Directors, and therefore thought themfelves men of confequence. As, however, in the roef, ten perfons can fit conveniently, I afked the mafter of the trekfchuit to inquire of them, whether, on my paying half the expences, they would not receive me among them to Harlem. I added, that I was a gentleman and a foreigner, and fhould not be difagreeable to them. They very abruptly replied no! they would be by themfelves, and have no intruders.

As foon as arrived at Harlem, I fent my fervant to fecure the roef of the Leyden trekfchuit, for the eleven o'clock departure of the next morning. Juft as I was entering the roef, one of thefe polite Dutch citizens came up to me, and begged me to permit him and his friend to fit in the roof with me.

Upon

Upon my demand, whether they did not come in the Harlem trek-fchuit the day before, and refufed me a place, I was coldly anfwered in the affirmative. Well citizens, if that is the cafe, you are very welcome to enter the roef; which they did with fuch feeming indifference that indicated neither fhame nor gratitude. Upon the road they told me that the father of the one and the brother of the other were Directors, at the Hague, and that during my ftay they fhould be happy to fee me, adding, had we not taken you for a Frenchman, we would willingly have received you in our company yefterday; but French travellers in this country, are not only troublefome but dangerous companions; they borrow your money, cheat you in gambling, fpy your actions, and report your converfation. I would be inclined to belive the truth of this accufation, when preferred

preferred by revolutioniſts concerning thoſe to whom they owe their temporary ſignificance, were I not convinced, that of all virtues, gratitude is the ſcarceſt and moſt uncommon.

To day I had alſo ſecured the roof from Leyden to Delft, and by offering places to a very amiable family, a mother and two daughters, paſſed with them three very agreeable hours. They had been on a viſit to a relation at Leyden, and were going to viſit a friend half a league from Delft. The mother informed me, that her huſband had been an officer in the Dutch fleet, and was killed in the battle with Lord Duncan, in October 1797. She had a penſion from the Batavian government, but ſo ſmall that it was not ſufficient to procure her and her daughters decent dreſſes. Her relations and friends have, therefore, taken her ſituation into conſideration, and eight of them

them had invited her to paſs ſix weeks with each by turns, ſo that ſhe had no real home, but was a viſitor the whole year long.

Misfortunes brutalize and harden minds, cruel or unfeeling from nature, or made ſo by a neglected education; they ſoften and elevate thoſe naturally tender, good and compaſſionate. This latter was the caſe with my travelling companions. Standing in need of all mankind themſelves, univerſal benevolence ſeemed to be their principal paſſion; they ſeemed to wiſh to be the only unfortunate beings upon earth, and to ſay, render O Providence! all other perſons happy, and our misfortunes will ceaſe. I have never met with females, who, after ſo ſhort an acquaintance, made ſuch an impreſſion on my mind. It was not love but veneration. They ſubmitted without murmur to their deſtiny, which had made

made them wanderers without a home; to day well received and treated like friends; to-morrow regarded as troublesome and considered as intruders. Every where they would be under the necessity to submit to the temper, humour the caprices, flatter the vanities, and hear the reproaches of the selfish, interested, or hospitable hand that relieved them. I could see by their very looks that their reciprocal study was to make themselves as pleasant and inoffensive as possible. When I asked the mother whether hospitality in Holland was delicate and liberal? she answered, after some hesitation and with a sigh; sometimes, Sir! The tears in the eyes of her beautiful daughters made me afraid that I had touched upon a string, which it would have been perhaps more humane to have left untouched. But their cheerfulness soon returned, and as if to make an *amende*

honorable

honorable for an involuntary ſentiment, they related ſeveral acts of kindneſs experienced lately from thoſe they had viſited. I ſuppoſe they remarked that I truly felt for their ſituation, becauſe the mother in leaving me ſhook me by the hand, ſaying, we cannot be unhappy Sir! even with a life of dependence, when we remember that ſo many thouſand beings exiſt who have no friends and no homes, and who deſerve thoſe bleſſings much better than we do. Are content and reſignation only negative happineſs? We do not believe ſo, and we can ſpeak from experience.

She had hardly uttered theſe words before a ſervant in livery ſtopped the trekſchuit, and enquired after the ladies. "Ah!" ſaid he, "why did you not come yeſterday, as my maſter and miſtreſs expected you; they are very angry with you indeed?" "We could not

not help it," replied the mother, "the trekſchuit was full, we could get no place. So it happened the laſt year," continued the ſervant, "my miſtreſs obſerved this morning, that you had better either come the day they tell you to come, or not come at all." The mother's face I did not ſee, ſhe wiſhed me adieu without looking at me; but the poor girls covered their faces with their handkerchiefs to conceal the impreſſion this hoſpitable reception had made on their lovely countenances.

Though I have wandered over the greateſt part of the world; thank God! I have never accepted of any hoſpitality which I have not paid for; I have even preferred rather to be without a dinner than to dine with the boaſters of hoſpitality when I wanted one. I have the meaneſt opinion of a *genuine* hoſpitality of our days; I think that the man of an independent mind and of noble ſentiments

ſentiments ſhould chooſe rather a poiſonous draught, than the poiſonous diſhes of chilling, ſelfiſh hoſpitality. In the cottage of the peaſant and in the palace of the peer theſe kind of hoſpitable invitations have the ſame motives, and are dictated either by intereſt or by vanity.

LETTER

LETTER XXVII.

Delft, March, 1804.

MY LORD,

I HEARD, at Amſterdam, a French general call the inhabitants of this republic, on account of their minute regularity, " a people of old maids." They owe indeed to their laudable ſpirit of order, not only their riches, but the preſervation of their country from a watery grave. The German ſea would long ago have extended its limits at the expence of Holland, had the Hollanders ceaſed only for one year to follow the examples of their forefathers, and not attend to the minute and tedious reparations of theſe embankments, erected ſo many centuries back, but requiring daily, and, almoſt, hourly vigi-

lance, not to be forced, undermined, or overpowered, by the efforts of an almoſt irreſiſtible element. Neceſſity and ſelf-preſervation have therefore been with them the parents of order, as well as of induſtry, and what looks to foreigners affected, pedantic, ridiculous, or troubleſome, has from habit become to the natives eaſy and natural.

I expected that the long and numberleſs examples of French irregularities, inconſiſtencies, and fickleneſs, would have made ſome alteration in the national character, or at leaſt left ſome impreſſions ominous for the future. I am happy to ſay that I was miſtaken in my expectations. Even the low people are as great friends to and practiſers of order as ever. On moſt occaſions, though the inveteracy of the Batavians againſt their French tyrants could not eſcape an attentive ob-

obferver, they outwardly feemed to endure with patience French infolence and provocations. It was only during the paffage between Leyden and this town, when an attempt was made to encroach on their favourite regularities, that I faw a Dutchman fly into a paffion, abufe, and even threaten the invaders, though he was alone without arms, and they were then well armed.

The trekfchuits have their fixed hours to fet out and to arrive; and as all accidents are forefeen by cuftom, and prevented by prudence, a traveller may know to a minute how long he will be on the way, and how far he can travel in the day or night. Any delay not only alters the time he calculated upon, and ufually employed to that part of the country where he was going, but deranges for twenty-four hours the conveyances all over Holland. Among the paffengers in the trekfchuit,

 from

from Leyden to Delft, were three French Dragoons; when the schuit stopped half-way, between these two places, to take in some parcels, they insisted upon having time given them to breakfast, and to stay there half an hour, instead of five minutes, as was generally allowed. The master first civilly explained to them the impossibility to wait for them so long, on account of the inconvenience and delay it would occasion to all other travellers; but upon their insisting, he told them frankly that he would depart without them. To prevent it, one of them took out his sword, and placed himself by the head of the horse drawing the trekschuit; where his comrades said they would act as sentries and relieve him in their turn, that he might also have time to breakfast. The master immediately attacked the Dragoon, wrested the sword from him,

threw

threw him in the canal, jumped into the ſchuit, and ordered the poſtillion to proceed as faſt as poſſible. The cry of the dragoon alarmed his comrades, who, ſeeing him in the water, and the ſchuit departed, after helping him out, fetched their carbines, and by a by-road came ſoon near enough to fire at the ſchuit, and to force us to ſtop for them. They all three fell on the maſter with the butt-ends of their carbines, but he had already knocked down two of them, when the paſſengers interfered, repreſented to them the impropriety of their behaviour, and obliged them to ceaſe their outrages. During the conflict I heard the maſter of the ſchuit ſeveral times call out, kill me, you villains, if you like, but do not retard any longer the trekſchuit: I am inclined to believe, that he was reſolved either to drive away

 his

his oppofers, or to perifh in the attempt.

As at our arrival here nothing more was faid by either party on this fubject, I thought I fhould not hear any thing more of it. But this morning a Dutch woman demanded to fpeak to me in the inn where I lodge, called "*The Heeren Logement*" (the Hotel for Gentlemen); fhe told me that fhe was the wife of the mafter of the fchuit that brought me here yefterday, and that her hufband had been arrefted by the French Commander, and was threatened to be fhot, becaufe he had refifted the attacks of the French dragoons; and fhe afked me as a favour to wait on the Commander, and bear witnefs to his innocence.

It would have been cruel in me to refufe the poor woman my good office; I therefore fent my name in, and defired to fpeak with the Commander.

Afked

Asked to walk in, I found him sitting upon a sofa, drinking chocolate between two harlots. Having related my business, he said abruptly, how can you ask the release, or the life, of a Dutchman, when you are a French citizen? If the people of this country had it in their power, they would fall upon us and massacre us all *en masse*, and it can be no harm in us, when opportunity presents itself, to revenge us a little *en detail.* I then applied to his *belles* to back my supplication with their powerful influence, adding, that the wife was more dead than alive, in my inn (as really was the fact), expecting the issue. They good naturedly enough joined me, and we succeeded to obtain an order for the Dutchman's release; who, during my dinner, came and thanked me for his life, as he said, expecting, from the threats held out, no-

thing lefs than to be fhot on the very day. Upon my inquiry whether fuch fummary executions had before taken place here for fuch trifling differences? he faid, "A perfumer of this town, with whom a French foldier had a quarrel in his own fhop, and who, in the ftruggle, happened to receive a fmall wound, was laft week fhot as an affaffin within fome few hours. Three other citizens here have lately alfo, for fimilar offences, been condemned to die, but they gave up every thing they had, to fave their lives. I am poor and could pay no ranfom, and without your generofity would probably before now have been no more."

With regard to my citizenfhip; the Belgians are as willingly French citizens, as the Batavians are contented French allies.—I wifh the diffatisfied of all countries could make a tour among people

people groaning under the French yoke, ſee their ſituation, liſten to their complaints, and hear of the horrors daily perpetrated with impunity; they would then return home and bleſs their ſtars for being born diſtant from French revolutioniſts.

The tombs of the Princes of Orange, and of ſome famous Dutch admirals, are ſtill entire in the principal church here. They formerly had however a narrow eſcape from French Vandaliſm in 1795, and, without the ſtrict prohibition of Pichegru, who placed ſentries to protect them, would have ſhared the fate of the tombs of the kings of France at St. Denis, in 1792. As Buonaparte has lately ſent ſome of his ſavans here, who were ſeveral days inſpecting them, and conſulting about them, the people here believe, that they will be removed to Paris, to or-

nament the muſeum of Napoleone, or of Joſephine. For my part I do not think them executed well enough to tempt the fanaticiſm of our mercileſs plunderers and deſtroyers of the fine arts.

LETTER XXVIII.

Rotterdam, March, 1804.

MY LORD,

AT my arrival here yefterday, the capture and the murder of the Duke of Enghien were the common fubject of converfation and of lamentation among all claffes of people. I lodge at the inn, called "*The Swyn's Hoofd*" (the head of the wild boar), Erafmus' Place, where at the ordinary dined near thirty French officers, who all, boldly, not only expreffed their difapprobation of the deed, but their abhorrence of the perpetrator. I was fo much the more furprifed at their converfation, as they muft, with me, well know, that Buonaparte has fpies every where, and that with him very

often an indiſcreet word is more puniſhable that a criminal act.

One of the officers, a lieutenant-colonel of the 110th demi-brigade, ſaid frankly: " I am indebted to the Duke of Enghien for my life. In the ſummer, 1799, I was made a priſoner by the Auſtrians, who ſent me, together with ſixty-two other officers, under a weak eſcort towards Ulm. The peaſants, in Suabia, having ſuffered ſo much from the pillage and violence of our troops, collected together, attacked and murdered all French priſoners they could ſurpriſe. The army of Condé had juſt arrived from Ruſſia, and was marching towards Switzerland, when in a village we were aſſailed by ſeveral thouſand peaſants; we had already loſt ſome of our comrades, when to our great joy and ſurpriſe, the Duke of Enghien, by a forced march, arrived to our relief, and not only delivered

us from the danger that threatened us, but gave an efcort ftrong enough to protect us from future ambufcades. To thofe who had loft their baggage he diftributed money from his own purfe; and for thofe, who had been wounded, he ordered the attendance and care of his own furgeons. I was among the latter. When convalefcent I wrote a letter of thanks in my own name, as well as in that of my fellow-fufferers; in return this amiable Prince fent a draft on a banker, at Ulm, for one hundred louis d'or, to procure us, as he faid, fome comforts on the road to Bohemia, with an apology for the fum not being larger. He alfo recommended us ftrongly to the Auftrian officer who was to efcort us to our place of deftination, and who affured me that, to his certain knowledge, many hundred French prifoners have, by the liberality and humanity of the

Duke

Duke of Enghien, not only escaped death from the hands of assassins, but from famine, having deprived himself often even of what may be called necessaries, (according to his rank) that he might be able to assist his unfortunate countrymen in distress." He finished with saying: "Let the consequences be what they would, were I in the presence of Buonaparte, I should not conceal my feelings, but tell him: *murderer! restore me and my countrymen a benefactor, you so barbarously have assassinated!*"

Several other French officers spoke as violently against their Corsican Master, and related numerous anecdotes, equally honourable to the memory of the princely victim, and reflecting on the character of his dastardly assassin. They even considered his murder in a political point of view unnecessary as well as cruel. "A descendant," said they

they, "of a younger branch of the Bourbon family, there was no probability that he would have ſurvived all thoſe whoſe birth-right to the throne of France muſt precede his own; nor was it poſſible that he would have influence enough to obtain from a party a crown, that another party ſeems to deſtine for a Buonaparte. His generoſity and valour had indeed procured him many admirers and even partiſans in France, but they were not powerful enough to elevate him to ſupremacy at the expence of other Bourbons, had he even been diſloyal enough to prefer grandeur to duty; a ſuppoſition as unjuſt as unfounded, and of which the ſhort but brilliant career of his whole life proved the fallacy. Theſe ſame admirers and partiſans had neither any more means to diſturb Buonaparte's uſurpation, than to place him upon the throne of Louis XVIII. Some other motives

motives for this atrocious act must, therefore, be looked for; and was supposed by the officers to be found, in that spirited letter of adherence, which the Duke of Enghien addressed to his King, Louis XVIII. when this Prince so nobly, becomingly and indignantly, repulsed and rejected the humiliating offers, the King of Prussia made in the name of his friend Napoleon Buonaparte, during February, last year. The Corsicans are known to be revengeful and never to forgive!"

Whatever was the real motive of the First Consul's conduct on this shocking occasion, certain it is, that he, by the murder of the Duke of Enghien, wished to inspire other Bourbons with terror; told them indirectly to read in the fate of this Prince, their own destiny, and that death alone should deprive him of an usurped authority belonging to their ancestors for fourteen

centuries.

centuries. This murder was Buonaparte's declaration of an eternal war, not only to the Bourbon dynaſty, but to all other legitimate Sovereigns, who muſt ceaſe to reign, before he can tyranniſe with ſafety.

Among the officers was a young man, who ſaid nothing; but tears which he with difficulty could retain, beſpoke the ſituation of his mind. I was after dinner informed, that he had only left the Duke of Enghien after the peace of Luneville, having five years been his page, and that this Prince ſtill had allowed his mother and two ſiſters a penſion, though they reſided in France, in mere compaſſion to their reduced circumſtances and great misfortunes. The father and two brothers of the officer had been killed in La Vendee, after ſeeing their family ſeat in flames, and their other property laid waſte, or diſpoſed of by French repub-

republicans. When the army of Condé was diſſolved, and no means exiſted to employ loyal Frenchmen on the left Bank of the Rhine, the Prince adviſed him to accept of ſervice in France, which after much difficulty he was enabled to obtain, from the influence of one of Buonaparte's tribunes, who formerly had been his father's valet-de-chambre.

LETTER

LETTER XXIX.

Rotterdam, April 1804.

MY LORD,

THIS city has always been diftinguifhed for its loyalty and adherence to the Princes of the Houfe of Orange, and neverthelefs it has, comparatively not fuffered fo much from the revolution, as the *patriotic* city, Amfterdam. From the number of Englifh houfes eftablifhed here, it was formerly called the Dutch London; but though moft Britifh fubjects, from dread of the perfecution of the French revolutionifts, have been obliged, or thought it prudent to return to their own country, they have left fome Dutch correfpondents behind, and a commercial intercourfe has hitherto, notwithftanding the chicanery of our government,

government, been tolerably well kept up between the two countries.

Among the refpectable Englifh merchant ftill here, is Mr. Crawford, on the Boomkeys. I was introduced to his acquaintance by a letter from a friend at Amfterdam, and he immediately told me that he had every day a table of twelve covers for thofe he efteemed, and by not abfenting myfelf from his dinners, he hoped I would prove, that our fentiments coincided, and were reciprocal. I have dined with him to day, and can faithfully declare, that even in the firft houfes at Amfterdam, the tables are not ferved in a more fumptuous manner, nor the wines more choice and delicious. Although all converfation about politics was, from prudential reafons, banifhed, the information and agreeable manners of our hoft made us all regret the quicknefs of the time, when it was

announced

announced that coffee was ready ferved and waiting for us.

Mr. Crawford is an old bachelor, who, I am told, has made his own fortune, having arrived here, when young, from Scotland, to enter as clerk in a counting houfe. He is confidered to be worth feveral millions of florins, all gained fairly and honourably. His brother was formerly the Englifh conful here, and is, I am affured, a gentleman equally rich and refpectable, but he refides at prefent in England.

The merchants here alfo have feveral fubfcription clubs, but no fubfcription theatre. To avoid the confequences of difagreement and violence in party matters, here are three different clubs, where only perfons meet, whofe political opinions harmonize. As a ftranger I have been introduced to them all three, and thought from what I obferved, that they may be ftyled, the

Dutch,

Dutch, English, and French clubs. In the first was more silence, in the second more freedom, and in the third more cringing, more suspicion, and more insincerity. They have all three however, nearly the same regulations, take in the same newspapers, books and pamphlets, have the same refreshments, and offer the same amusements. They have all several billiard tables, and in the evening, numerous card tables are occupied by parties playing whist, ombre, picquet, &c. no hazard games are permitted, but from the sums I heard betted, and saw won and lost, mere whist was transformed into hazard.

All the members of what I call the Dutch club, were Dutchmen by birth, and seemed not to be great admirers of the revolution, nor great friends of France, or great enemies of England. They carefully avoided any complaint

of

of the prefent fituation of affairs, but they fpoke with enthufiafm of affairs as they were formerly.

Dutchmen, defcendants of Englifh, Scotch, or Irifh families, and the few Britifh fubjects ftill refiding here, formed the fociety of what I have mentioned as the Englifh club. Here was no referve. They difcuffed frankly on the contents of Englifh newfpapers, curfed the war, the interruption of commerce and foreign oppreffion. They admired the liberty that bleffes the land of their fathers and forefathers, and defpifed thofe fhameful hypocrites, who, in the name of liberty, had deftroyed the liberty of the Continent. They fpoke thus, becaufe they well knew each other, and no ftranger was prefented among them, whom they were not fure was worthy of that diftinction.

A medley of Germans, Batavians, Italians,

Italians, Frenchmen, Flemiſh, Belgians, Spaniards, Swedes and Danes, formed the groupe of the third club. There the revolution was the text, and Buonaparte the hero of their converſation and applauſe. They extolled liberty and equality, even in reading in the *Moniteur* the numerous impriſonments in the name of a Firſt Conſul, juſt offered a throne, and in looking at each other, ſo as to ſay, are we ſure to meet here again to-morrow? ſhall we paſs the night without being arreſted? Do we not take too great a freedom in mentioning the name of the great Napoleon with pipes in our mouths; ſitting and ſtanding, inſtead of kneeling? we know that our lives, liberties, and what little property we have, are at his diſpoſal, and that he is now to be the hereditary chief of the revolution; but for all that, the revolution is a ſtupenduous monument

of

of French wifdom, and the parent of univerfal liberty and equality. Hear us, fpies! (we are certain that we have fome among us,) and let us awake in our houfes to-morrow morning, and not in a prifon!" In this club no other papers were taken in, but thofe publifhed in France, Holland and Germany; and the "deftruction of the tyrants of the feas" was the ftanding toaft, and the continual order of the day.

I was not furprifed at the fufpicion and terror, duplicity and *patriotifm*, that reigned in this laft fociety. Within twenty-four hours, two of its members and ten of their friends, had been taken up to be carried under fafe efcort to Paris. Their crime was of that heinous nature that merited fuch a treatment; they had lately been in England, but whether as fpies or merchants, opinions are divided here.

Some ſuppoſed this ſeiſure to be a ſham, merely *to force* them to relate, what they never had any intent to keep ſecret; but others ſaid that they were ſuſpected by Buonaparte of dealing not only in commercial, but in political contraband. As far as I could hear, they were not much pitied; jealouſy or rivalry in trade, or prejudice and partiality, held them out by turn as ſchemers, by turn as adventurers, needy and enterpriſing, ready to undertake any profitable or hazardous buſineſs, whether to ſerve a commercial houſe, or a Buonaparte, or a Prince of Orange.

LETTER

LETTER XXX.

Rotterdam, February, 1804.

MY LORD,

AT Amſterdam ſome Jews, and thoſe the moſt poor, were all, more or leſs, tainted with revolutionary notions. Here *all* the Jews abhor the revolution, mourn for its conſequences, and pray to ſee the return of regular governments, in regular times. Many of the wealthieſt Jews here, frequent the new French coffee-houſe, nearly oppoſite the exchange, where one may hear their doleful lamentations of what great loſſes they have experienced; of what immenſe profits they have miſſed; of the riches of England, and of the poverty of France. Their chief buſineſs at preſent conſiſts in the exchange of money with foreign travellers, who on

on that account, resort to this coffee-house, just before the exchange hours.

I was informed by a friend, of the following extraordinary manœuvre put in practice by some of our French officers, to pillage one of the Jews who frequent that house, as a money broker. On a Friday evening, a carriage stopped at the door of the house of this Jew, and a person pretending to be a police commissary entered, accompanied with two other persons who pretended to be gens d'armes. They shewed an order signed by the minister of police, to arrest him, to carry him to France, as connected with a gang of coiners, and to seize all his ready money. In the house was the wife and two children, and a servant maid; these were locked up in the cellar, and under pain of death prohibited to make any noise or to give any alarm. After all the cash and valuables of the Jew had been

packed

packed up, they set out for Antwerp, travelling all the night. Just before they were on the French frontiers, one of them, the police commissary, asked the Jew to leave the carriage, as he wanted to converse with him. He said, that humanity alone suggested to him the following arrangement: as you declare yourself a ruined man, were you to lose every thing we have carried away from your house, in the name of the law and on the part of our government, I will make you this generous proposal: you affirm upon your honour, that of all the money in the carriage, none is bad; I am inclined to believe you, and therefore will satisfy myself with it, for setting you at liberty, and restore to you all your trinkets and other valuables in the box. I should not keep even your money, were I not obliged to save myself from the vengeance of the minister

 of

of police, for ſuffering you to eſcape. The Jew cried and prayed to have at leaſt half of the money back, but the commiſſary was inflexible, ſpoke of nothing but dungeons, racks, and the guillotine, till at laſt the Jew aſſented. The box, ſealed with the commiſſary's ſeal, was returned to him, and he made ſuch haſte back to Rotterdam, that he was there before his neighbours were in bed on the ſame night. The commiſſary having forgotten to give him back the key of his houſe, he called on them to enquire whether they had ſeen any thing of his wife and family? being anſwered in the negative, becauſe they had ſuppoſed, that they had all, the night before, ſet out to viſit ſome friends elſewhere, in the carriage at the door; he requeſted their aſſiſtance to force open his houſe. He found all the priſoners ſafe in the cellar, frightened out of their wits almoſt,

from

from his long abſence, the police commiſſary having aſſured them, that he would be back in ſome few hours. The Jew, then, when a little more compoſed, related all his adventures within theſe laſt twenty-four hours, adding upon the whole, I have however, been fortunate, in loſing with ſuch deſperadoes, no more than thirty-two or thirty three thouſand florins, 3000l. had they kept this box, they had poſſeſſed ſeven times the amount of that ſum. In opening, however, the box, it had been emptied of its valuables, and contained nothing but ſome pebbles. In vain he complained to the municipality, to the French ambaſſador at the Hague, and even to the police miniſter at Paris; no diſcovery was made of the marauders, though the Jew was poſitive that he had ſeen two of them before, in the regimentals of

French officers. The friend, who related this anecdote, affured me that he had heard the particulars from the Jew himfelf, who now refided at Amfterdam.

Another Jew of the name of Aaron Zachariah, told me himfelf, that he had been fwindled by two Frenchmen, out of fix thoufand florins, 550l. in the following manner. They pretended to be jewellers from Bordeaux, and as fuch fold him feveral trinkets cheap enough, and borrowed money upon fome others. One day they called upon him with a box containing real diamonds of great value, and requefted a loan of fix thoufand florins for a fortnight, and offered to leave the box and its contents, as fecurity or as a pledge. To this he agreed, and the box was fealed with his and their feals. After two months had elapfed, without

hearing

hearing from the borrowers, he opened the box in the presence of witnesses, but found in it nothing but some pieces of lead covered with cotton. This fraud surprised him so much the more, as he thought that he had never lost sight of the box, since he had assured himself of the real value of the diamonds inclosed. The same trick, he said, had also been played on a Jew at the Hague, who, more fortunate than himself, had afterwards, when travelling in Flanders, met with the swindlers, and obliged them to refund his money.

But these kind of robberies and of impositions have since the revolution become so common, that they are only related to be forgotten, and to give place to some still more audacious and shameful arts, to strip citizens in detail of their property. They have there-

fore created ſuch a general miſtruſt and ſuſpicion, at leaſt among the Jews here, that before they conclude or agree to any bargain, or exchange, many numerous precautions are taken, that ſubject perſons in commercial tranſactions always to a ſhameful loſs of time.

LETTER

LETTER XXXI.

Rotterdam, April, 1804.

MY LORD,

A FRIEND of mine ſent me from the houſe of Recamier, at Paris, a letter of recommendation to the houſe of Laregnere, Bicker and Vandermeulen. The firſt partner is a Frenchman by birth, but brought up here from his youth, and the two other are born Batavian citizens. I have experienced from them the ſame civilities as from Mr. Crawford, and have beſides been ſeveral times invited by one of them, Mr. Laregnere, to his country houſe, pleaſantly ſituated on the banks of the river Meuſe, about half a league from this city. The manner of living there, though ſimple, is preferable, to what I often diſliked,

the oftentatious repafts and vain parade of fome of the merchants at Amfterdam. Here, the difhes placed upon the table are few indeed, but they are alfo felect, and you are feldom prefented with more than three forts of wine, but they are of the very beft quality. The behaviour of the polite hoft and amiable hoftefs, correfponds exactly with the entertainment. They are affable, unaffected and natural in their converfation with as well as in their deportment to vifitors. In one fingle inftant you may judge of them, and depend upon not being miftaken or rafh. If they tell you to confider their houfe as your own, they mean fo, and do not exprefs mere compliments fignifying nothing. Call on them, or furprife them as often as you like, the fame cordial reception will convince you of their fincerity. After two vifits I was domefticated with them, and have gone fince to dine, to take tea or to fup with them,

juſt as it ſuited my own convenience, and have never remarked the leaſt alteration in their conduct more than in their manner of living.

Adjoining their houſe is a garden kept in good order, and there, when the evenings are fine, the tea is ſerved. About fifty yards diſtance is one of the moſt agreeable walks near the city, where I have paſſed many hours with my friends, in true philoſophical tranquillity and retreat, without remembering paſt revolutionary horrors, or thinking of preſent revolutionary tyrants. I ſaw nothing beyond the affectionate circle that encompaſſed me, not an individual I did not eſteem, or whoſe life was not as irreproachable as my own. Were Buonaparte to be the Sovereign of the world, he could never, never, expect to paſs ſuch delicious hours. Providence has reſerved them excluſively for innocence, ho-

nour

nour and virtue; to ambition and guilt, they muſt always continue ſtrangers.

All the ſhips or veſſels deſtined to Rotterdam, coming from the ſea or departing, muſt paſs under the windows of Mr. Laregnere's houſe, which, even now in the preſent ruinous ſtate of commerce, enlivens often the ſcene. Formerly I have heard veſſels ſailed by in ſcores every day; at preſent when half a dozen are counted, it is conſidered as a rarity.

Mr. Laregnere has a pleaſure boat, and when the weather has permitted we frequently have amuſed ourſelves with excurſions on the water to tea-gardens, or to viſit acquaintances, whoſe houſes alſo were ſituated on the banks of the ſame river. In the houſes of the latter I every where found leſs ſplendor and diſſipation, but more domeſtic comfort, than in country houſes in the vicinity of Amſterdam. Should I chooſe a Dutch-

woman

woman for my wife, I ſhould prefer one born or educated at Rotterdam. Either from the frequent intercourſe with England or from the many intermarriages with Engliſh families, the ladies of this city have in their looks, in their dreſs, and in their whole character, traits of great reſemblance to the fair ones of Great Britain, while in other parts of this republic, particularly at and near Amſterdam, they ſeem envious and emulous to imitate French women, which often becomes them no better than when a Dutch beau attempts to emulate in exterior, eaſe, mien and extravagance, one of our French *petit-maitres.* We always ſee a ridiculous carricature, inſtead of an even daubed copy.

The tea gardens in this neighbourhood are leſs numerous, and, except on Sundays and holidays, leſs frequented than thoſe near Amſterdam. The ſame refreſhments are, however, obtained,

obtained, and nearly for the same prices. Many persons here, while smoking their pipes, were drinking English porter, Burton or other English beers, instead of wine. These beers sold as dear as the wine; or ten or twelve stivers a bottle. (10*d* or 1*s*.)

The master of one of these tea-gardens, I was told, had a narrow escape from being murdered as well as ruined in 1799, for selling English beer. Some soldiers of a French brigade quartered here called in his garden for some beer, but when they were to pay for it, not only thought it too dear, but reproached the landlord with being a secret friend of England, as otherwise he could never have offered to French citizens any thing from that country. When informed that he had no other beer but English to sell, he was knocked down, and the soldiers dragged him down into the cellar with a determination to drown him in one of

of his caſks of beer. In a corner of the cellar, the landlord had placed ſome bags of Dutch florins, on one of which one of the ſoldiers happened to tumble. He called out that he had diſcovered a treaſure, and the landlord inſtantly was left to eſcape, while the ruffians were dividing his ſpoil. When the aſſault began one of the waiters had preſence of mind to run to a guard houſe, not far off, and require ſuccour; and an officer with twenty men accompanied him back to reſtore order. No ſooner, however, had the ſoldiers ſeen the money that filled their comrades pockets, than inſtead of arreſting them, they alſo fell to plundering, and ravaged the houſe from top to bottom, and every thing they could not, or did not think worth their while to carry away, they broke to pieces. When the French commander heard of this outrage, he ordered the brigade

to

to march immediately for North Holland, then threatened by England, as a punifhment for their want of difcipline of its members, and *that this fcandalous affair might be buried in oblivion;* but as no fearch was made after the money, nor any part of it returned, it is believed that fome of the florins found their way into his coffers. As to the landlord, though he proved, that his lofs exceeded twenty-eight thoufand florins, no notice was taken of his complaint, nor did he recover any compenfation whatever. He is now the waiter of another tea-garden.

LETTER

LETTER XXXII.

Rotterdam, April, 1804.

MY LORD,

THOUGH this is the ſecond city of the Batavian republic for wealth and commerce, it has no regular company of performers, even during the winter ſeaſon. Some Dutch, German, and French ſtrollers repreſent here ſometimes, but whether from indifference about theatrical amuſements, or from the unfortunate circumſtances of the times, I have always found the audience here very thin. A former theatre having been conſumed by fire, the preſent one is conſtructed out of the city, and though rather ſmall is much too large for the inhabitants.

A company of German Jew performers arrived here lately from Amſterdam,

dam, where they had been much applauded. They represented chiefly operas or dramas, and though not much can be faid in favour of their acting, their finging is excellent. The actreffes, as well as the actors, are of the Jewifh religion. Their faces and countenances would have announced their origin, had it not been known beforehand. They feem all to be brothers and fifters, though they are not even related to each other.

On the fecond night of their performance, the play could not go on or finifh from the abfence of the youngeft and beft looking of the actreffes. Like their fectaries, they are all traders or pedlars, as well as performers. This actrefs carried in the ftreet a band-box, containing laces, ribbands, &c. when a French officer of huffars met her, and requefted her to accompany him to his wife, who want-

ed

ed to purchafe fome lace. At her arrival in his lodgings, his wife was faid to have gone out, and fhe was afked to fit down, and treated with fome wine and cakes. Whether fhe had drank too freely, or, as fhe pretended, fome fomniferous drugs had been mixed with the wine, fhe remained in bed with the officer until the next morning, when overwhelmed with grief, fhe tried to deftroy herfelf. The officer, however, coldly fent for the Jew manager, and delivered his bed-fellow fafe over to his care; but fhe flew from him to the houfe of the governor, and demanded punifhment on her ravifher. A douceur of fome louis d'ors was then tried, and had the defired effect; fhe not only forgave the captain, but lives with him now, having his promife of marriage. When fhe appeared again upon the ftage, the audience

feemed,

ſeemed, by their reception, more to commiſerate than to blame her.

The libertiniſm and profligacy of French ſoldiers have been proverbial in all times, but the ſoldiers of the revolution ſurpaſs their predeceſſors in theſe as well as other exceſſes and vices. Officers and men, as ſoon as arriving in a foreign country, pay their addreſſes, ſeduce under promiſes of marriage, and even marry, thoſe that have the misfortune to be the victims of their debauchery, though moſt of them are previouſly married both in France and in moſt other ſtates, where they have been marching, fighting or quartered. It may be thought, that this infamy only regards inferior officers and the common men; but the very reverſe is the caſe. The general more than once has ſet the enſign an example, and while the colonel has ruined

ruined the mother, he has incited the drummer to dishonour the daughter.

A revolutionary general of the name of Salm, (but no relation of the Princes and Counts Salm,) paid his addresses here some time back to the sole daughter of a Dutch admiral, who had a fortune of five hundred thousand florins left her by an uncle who died at Batavia. He succeeded to gain her affection, and was married to her. By caresses, persuasions and threats, he became, within some weeks, the master of his wife's whole fortune, which he exchanged for good bills on Paris. Two months afterwards another wife from France presented herself, claimed and carried away her husband, who left the unfortunate Dutch lady ruined in health as well as in fortune, suffering from an infamous disease. Salm had remitted to his wife in France all the money of which he had plundered

dered his wife in Holland, and is ſaid, ſtill to boaſt in the faſhionable circles of Buonaparte's capital of his adroitneſs.

Another revolutionary officer in garriſon here, a Colonel Fauvier, became acquainted with the widow of a wealthy Batavian banker, who, at the excluſion of a daughter, had bequeathed her all his property. The colonel obſerving that the old doating mother would be an eaſy match for him, could he but get a vigilant and clear-ſighted daughter out of the way, preſented in the houſe as a brother officer, a young handſome drummer, who, following the inſtructions of his ſuperior, became ſoon the favourite of the young lady. Having thus given her occupation, he ſettled every thing according to his wiſhes. The mother and the daughter were married on the ſame day; but after the colonel was maſter of his wife's property,

perty, he informed her, that ſhe ſhould enjoy with him all poſſible connubial happineſs, as ſoon as death releaſed him from all the prior claims of his wives in France, Italy, and Switzerland. To evince however his gratitude to the family, he had advanced her ſon-in-law, who was only a drummer, to the rank of enſign. Within a year both theſe female victims of French perfidy and immorality were in the grave.

Not long ago, a French colonel Sauviſi had introduced himſelf into a reſpectable family here, where were two daughters, of whom the oldeſt was under eighteen. In a ſhort time the youngeſt of them diſappeared, and notwithſtanding the endeavours of her diſconſolate parents, no trace could be diſcovered of what had become of her, and the colonel ſeemed as anxious about her fate as every body elſe. This

his ſeemingly kind conduct, induced the parents, when in four months afterwards he demanded the hand of the remaining child, both to conſent to the match, and to give their daughter a handſome fortune. On the day after his marriage, when ſeated at the table of his father and mother-in-law, by the ſide of his wife, the long loſt child ruſhed in with a knife in her hand, attempting to ſtab him, calling out at the ſame time, the villain is my ſeducer, I am pregnant by him, he has promiſed to marry me, and this forenoon a vulgar woman arrived in my retreat, and proved to me that ſhe was his wife long ago. The ſcene that followed may more eaſily be felt than it can be deſcribed. The unfortunate girl did not know of his marriage with her ſiſter, having ſecreted her in his houſe, where ſhe was permitted to ſee nobody, until his wife from France made